THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Impropriety of Property
Alexander Welsh

Enemies of the People
Louis J. Halle

PEACE FOR LAOS? — *Jacquet-Francillon*
PATRIOTIC GORE — *Kenneth S. Lynn*
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T.R.B. from Washington

Who's Anti-Whom?

★ Kennedy is not anti-business but Business is anti-Kennedy. Kennedy is by wealth and background an economic conservative but he is also a pragmatist. If one thing fails he tries something else. When he took office he deliberately chose the conservative budget-balancing program of Douglas Dillon rather than that of the academic liberals. The best account we have found of this is in Helen Fuller's just-published book, *Year of Trial: Kennedy's Crucial Decisions*, in a chapter on the economy. Read it if you want to understand the situation now.

The program Kennedy picked failed. But even now he is not taking the full liberal program. Obviously the economy has to have Federal stimulation of some sort to abort a recession but there are two ways of doing it. Galbraith and other liberals recommend Federal spending because the public sector of the economy starved. But Kennedy is moving toward *tax cuts* instead: this liberates purchasing power but lets the consumer make the choices rather than the government. The money can go into chewing gum and cosmetics, rather than schools.

What causes the businessman's sullen hatred of Kennedy? It deserves exploration. Time and again the President and brother Bobby recite the list to show they are not anti-business. Latest concessions include White House approval of dilution of the Kefauver bill to control drug price profiteering, the plan to hand the taxpayers' communications satellite over to the AT&T, and now elaborate tax cuts. Will this conciliate business? Of course not.

FDR came to the conclusion in the 30's that bankers and businessmen lacked the wit even to save themselves. Again today their rejection of Kennedy seems, superficially, to be guided by some death wish. Actually, we think, it goes deeper than that and is rational enough. Business and government are locked in a power struggle. Kennedy represents government and whether he is "conservative" in ordinary terms is irrelevant. He is trying to balance the economy and that requires strong Federal action and that business opposes.

Circumstances of the modern world make this power struggle almost inevitable. Space development and defense expenditures make Washington bigger; society insists that Washington curb the old, wild business cycle. Government swells, business shrinks. But business fights diminution of its power every foot of the way.

It is not merely lost power that businessmen resent; it is lost prestige. In the old days newsmen used to rush to interview some tycoon at any great event and reported humbly what a condescending Morgan or Rockefeller or Baruch said about it. Now, as like as not, we go to some bespectacled professor. Prestige, status – those are the things men strive for in this world. Basically lives are steered to win ribbons, not dollars. Here is the heart of the present revolt of business.

The *US News & World Report* in February, 1955 (before Hagerty clamped a lid on the information) analyzed the make-up of the White House stag dinners, at which Eisenhower tried to pick the brains of those attending. Of 555 guests, 294 were businessmen, 81 officials of the Administration, 51 publishers, editors and writers, 30 educators, 23 GOP leaders and the rest scattering.

Ike gave businessmen status in the most flattering way possible and they responded by liking Ike, even though he achieved three recessions in eight years. Compare that with Kennedy! At a recent reception there were all the US winners of Nobel prizes and not a businessman in the lot!

Signal to de Gaulle

★ Defense Secretary McNamara's warning to France at his University of Michigan commencement address was a formal move in world power politics. De Gaulle wants to develop an independent nuclear striking force capable of killing 20 million Russians, armed with which he would theoretically be formidable enough (a) to stay out of a nuclear war in an area outside its national interest or (b) to precipitate a nuclear war in Europe which would force the US to participate.

In other words Washington would lose the power it now has to decide whether to pull the trigger.

In calm, polite and very positive terms McNamara said that the US will have none of it. We would find it "intolerable," he said, to have "only a part" of NATO's nuclear power "launched in isolation from our main striking power." The dream of a Gaullist Europe postulates that nuclear stalemate now exists and France can therefore operate with some degree of independence because Moscow and Washington are tied down. McNamara says, rather brutally, that nuclear war is irrational but not impossible if "relatively weak national nuclear forces" (*i.e.* France) precipitate quarrels. The Secretary of Defense has spelled the thing out about as lucidly and positively as it can be done.

Notes

★ The stock market break, let's say again, was not because Kennedy slapped down steel, nor because businessmen hated Kennedy; prices of stocks fell because they were too high. Period. As Ken Crawford of *Newsweek* observed, "The public lost its faith in inflation." . . . Another veteran correspondent, James Morris, heads an article on Franco in the *Washington Post:* "The Reign in Spain is Plainly on the Wane." . . . And columnist Murray Kempton observes that Edward Kennedy in Massachusetts "wants a Senate seat the way other young men want a Jaguar." . . . The only man in jail in America because he was a member of the Communist Party is a patently misguided idealist who has heartily renounced Communism; he is Junius Scales and a petition for Presidential pardon is signed by nine of the twelve jurors who convicted him, two Federal judges, Norman Thomas and a lot of others. He ought to be released.

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Grove City College

One sign of the revival of McCarthyism is the greater number of academic freedom cases coming before "Committee A" of the American Association of University Professors. Its 1961-62 Report issued this week lists 52 outstanding cases, a majority of them from "independent" colleges and universities – an increase of 50 percent over the previous two years. Not all these are attributable to right-wing pressures, but many are, and in at least half a dozen instances John Birch Society members appear to be implicated. And for every disputed firing that comes to the attention of the AAUP there are several in which no protest is made, either because the professor cannot prove (or does not even know) that he has been dismissed for political reasons, or because he feels that there is no hope of being reinstated no matter what the AAUP may do.

The usually quiet campus of Grove City College in western Pennsylvania is a case in point. The timber in Grove City is mostly birch, and here the far right staged an impressive coup in February with the dismissal of the college's best known (indeed virtually its only) scholar, a 40-year-old historian named Larry Gara.

Grove City College's President, J. Kenneth Harker, says Gara's contract was not renewed because of his "incompetent teaching and incompetent chairmanship of his department." Perhaps. But Harker appears to have chosen an odd method for determining the academic competence of his top historian. The investigators were not from any recognized accreditation agency. One was John J. Frank, a former FBI man and also a former registered agent for the late Dominican dictator Raphael Trujillo. Frank is at present being sued by an attorney whose Washington hotel suite he allegedly "bugged" in connection with a multi-million dollar case before the Federal Power Commission. A federal grand jury is considering criminal indictments. The other investigator of Professor Gara's "competence," Michael Murphy, is also an ex-FBI agent, and is now employed by the Research and Security Corporation. This firm, largely comprised of other former agents, maintains a comfortable office at 521 Fifth Avenue in New York.

Neither Frank nor Murphy will reveal who paid for their week in Grove City, or why they were sent to investigate Professor Gara. Murphy, in fact, denies he was there, though a few minutes after being questioned about the matter he was making long-distance calls warning other sources not to talk. The two detectives, however, were conspicuous in the quiet town and on the small campus of 1,700

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students. They were noticed by librarians, seen at the local beer hall frequented by students, and observed in company with town policemen. Shortly after they finished their job a terse telegram reportedly was sent to Grove City: "Fire Gara."

College authorities deny any knowledge of the investigation or the telegram. They specifically deny that the investigation was inspired by J. Howard Pew, the octogenarian former president of the Sun Oil Company whose petroleum fortune supports the college, and a long list of ultra-conservative causes. Among Pew's outside interests are the editorial advisory committee of *American Opinion* – the magazine of the John Birch Society – and a publication called *Christian Economics*, launched with $50,000 from Mr. Pew. He is president of the board of trustees of Grove City College, which was founded by his father. The board of trustees also includes Pew's sister, daughter, grandson and nephew. Their views and Gara's mix like oil and water.

Professor Gara is a Quaker and a pacifist. In World War II he spent three years in jail for refusing to register for the draft. In 1949, while teaching at Bluffton College in Ohio, he was charged with advising a student not to register. He was convicted, sentenced to 18 months in jail, and paroled after six months. He lost a 5-4 decision before the Supreme Court, and the case became something of a *cause celebre* in its day, prompting pickets at the White House and a detailed account in *Time*.

Grove City was fully aware of Gara's background when it employed him in 1957. The college administration even consulted the ROTC and various veterans on the faculty for possible objections to a pacifist on the campus. There appear to have been none. At any rate, he was hired. For the better part of the next five years, Gara's life was untroubled. He published several books, was promoted to full professor and the chairmanship of his department, received substantial salary increases each year and unsolicited commendations from President Harker. Gara's work is widely known among American historians, and his recent book on the Underground Railroad was reviewed very favorably by C. Vann Woodward in this spring's issue of the *American Scholar*.

In the spring of last year, however, there was an exchange of letters in the school newspaper over pacifism. The letters were billed as a "Better Red Than Dead" debate, which prompted a lively argument between college Left and Right. Gara led the Left. The Right was championed by the chairman of the economics department, Dr. Hans Sennholtz, a former Luftwaffe pilot, now a naturalized American citizen. Sennholtz has been associate editor of the John Birch magazine and is now a contributing editor. He writes economic essays for *Human Events*, *The Freeman* and *Christian Economics*, and is a sponsor of the American Committee to Aid the Katanga Freedom Fighters, a trustee of the Intercollegiate Society for Individualists, and a member of the national advisory board of Young Americans for Freedom. This summer Sennholtz will run a program at Grove City, sponsored by the Tuller Foundation in cooperation with Young Americans for Freedom, for which college credit is offered.

Last fall, after the Gara-Sennholtz controversy on "Red *vs* Dead," Sennholtz persuaded the curriculum committee to modify the undergraduate program, by substituting a "social science" course of the Sennholtz variety for the previously required history course of the Gara variety. The 70-member faculty overruled the curriculum committee, but that was not the end of the matter. In January the ex-FBI agents were compiling their dossier on Gara. On February 14 Gara was fired. Six other faculty members subsequently resigned.

According to Sennholtz, the six are "rascals who have made some stink." Other faculty suggest that the six were not alone, and that others sympathized with Gara and the violence done academic freedom but were afraid to jeopardize their jobs by protesting. Shortly after the dismissal 16 faculty members met with the dean and asked him to explain how Gara's incompetence as a teacher had been so quickly and inexplicably determined. The dean pleaded for faith in the administration and threatened further dismissals.

By that time the incident had attracted Pittsburgh reporters who pressured a reluctant President Harker to explain the college's position. Harker finally consented to a television appearance, charged that Gara was "just a dreary teacher," and further emphasized several times that Grove City stood for the "American way of life," leaving the impression that his former professor of history was somehow "un-American."

Late in May the American Association of University Professors sent three representatives to Grove City to investigate. In a letter to the faculty President Harker wrote, "After carefully studying this whole matter, our Board has instructed me to give no cooperation to the AAUP. I believe you can understand the reaction of able businessmen," including, of course, the highly-successful J. Howard Pew. "Feel free to do as you wish in this matter," Harker concluded, "but I will not be inviting anyone to appear before the committee."

Gara, in the meanwhile, has landed a summer teaching job at the University of Delaware, and will join the faculty of Wilmington College in Ohio in the fall. The six who resigned are, most of them, still looking for jobs. Grove City College goes on. Its President wrote the alumni last fall: "We are launched on what looks like a fine year . . . so bring your youngsters along and sign them up for the Class '72. . . . We will still be the best little college in America in the year 2000 AD."

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The Aerospace Gap

After conjuring up the illusory bomber and missile gaps of the 50's, Air Force strategists have a new one for the 60's: an aerospace gap. The US has orbited at least half a dozen military satellites for reconnaissance, missile detection and communications, and is currently spending almost a billion dollars a year to develop its military space program. Now we must protect ourselves from the possibility that the USSR might decide to do the same. They might even do more: orbit a number of bomb-carrying missiles. The best way to counter this "threat," according to the Air Force, is to expand the US military space program further by giving the Air Force authority and funds to develop its own man-in-space program. This would include manned satellites capable of intercepting unidentified satellites, inspecting them, and destroying any suspected of being hostile. One must use the word "suspected," for even a manned space ship plus ground detection devices could not with certainty identify the "hostile" capability or intent of an "enemy" satellite.

The idea is not entirely new. The Air Force has had a Saint interceptor satellite in the development stage for some time. When the proposal for a satellite to examine and if necessary destroy another satellite was studied during the Eisenhower Administration, its backers failed to convince the Department of Defense of its necessity. The Soviets had shown (and still show) little interest in developing reconnaisance satellites, presumably because they were already aware of the approximate locations of the major missile launching sites in the US, and were not building enough missiles to contemplate a "counterforce" strategy (as against a "counter-city" strategy) which would require precise pin-pointing of targets. As for Soviet nuclear weapons in space, American experts agreed that longe-range missiles were superior to satellites and predicted that the Soviets would concentrate on the former.

The Kennedy Administration initially took the same view. But as the civilian National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) scored one publicity triumph after another with its Project Mercury, and as NASA conscientiously followed the official policy of keeping space demilitarized, the Air Force became more and more impatient. Still the Administration stood firm, and NASA continued to receive the greater share of emphasis.

Now, however, the Administration's resistance appears to be faltering, reflecting a general pessimism over chances of any arms control agreement. During the coming fiscal year, the Pentagon plans to increase the military space budget to about $1.3 billion. Early last week, the *New York Times* quoted Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric as stating that

FOOTNOTES *to the* WEEK

THE WHITE HOUSE is worried about polls showing a significant number of voters who believe the stock market drop was the result of Kennedy's clash with the steel industry. —— GREAT BRITAIN *thinks so well of the US Peace Corps that it is preparing to launch one of its own. Scouts from the British Colonial Office have checked the pluses and minuses of the Sargent Shriver operation and have recommended going ahead with a British counterpart.* — WATCH FOR possible re-emergence of Janio Quadros as a political force in Brazil. Although the Kennedy Administration gave its blessing to Quadros' successor, President Goulart, with a lavish Washington reception, Quadros may be able to outflank him. When the Brazilian constitution was revised after Quadros retired, the Presidency was downgraded. The premiership became dominant. Insiders expect that Quadros may run for parliament, and if successful reach for power again by running for Premier. —— A CARAVELLE *of Sud-Aviation, a French aeronautical construction firm, took off from Hong Kong airport May 16 on a demonstration flight. Forty technicians and officials of the Government of the People's Republic of China were on board. They had arrived the evening before from Peking and were scheduled to return the following day. They did not leave until May 21. Reason: the British Government, as eager as the French to sell expensive jets to China, had invited them to extend their stay in Hong Kong, at its expense, long enough to have a plane of the most recent "Comet 4" construction flown in from London for examination by the Peking experts.* —— AMA PROPAGANDA warns that large numbers of doctors are leaving Britain because of dissatisfaction with socialized medicine. The allegation is "grotesque" and "nonsense," the UK Health Minister, Enoch Powell, has told a medical conference in London; only six or seven percent of British doctors graduated during the 50's are practicing abroad. —— THE RUSH *for tax cuts which has developed among Senate Democrats reflects the slipping fortunes of Kennedy's tax-reform bill. It is locked in the Senate Finance Committee and Chairman Byrd is determined to pick it over, line by line. He intends to send it to the floor only after deleting the seven percent investment credit ("nobody is for it"), dividend and interest withholding, and the proposed tax on profits earned abroad. The Administration hopes to rescue the bill by an amendment exempting persons with incomes of less than $5,000 a year from interest and dividend withholding. Liberal Democrats, however, are urging the White House to sweeten the bill further with tax cuts now, instead of next January.*

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"the Defense Department has decided to develop the technology of manned orbital systems able to rendezvous with satellites and then land at present locations on earth." Troubled that the story might upset the current, and very touchy, negotiations for limited US-Soviet cooperation on nonmilitary space projects, the Administration thereupon denied that a new policy had been established. Later in the week, Mr. Gilpatric retreated. He testified before the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences that the Defense Department was merely "interested in developing the technology" of interceptor satellites, and that "we have as yet no approved program for development of a manned orbital system." He added that the Department was "very conscious of the need to take out technological insurance," so that the US could not be "surprised" if the USSR attempted to make hostile use of space.

This concession will not satisfy the Air Force, which can be expected to promote relentlessly the notion of a potential aerospace gap. The campaign will be further inflated by the huffing and puffing of potential contractors. Congress will not object, for defense spending carries the combined flavor of patriotism and pork barrel: For the coming fiscal year, Congress is expected to appropriate roughly $48 billion, the highest in our peacetime history. Indeed the Congress occasionally insists on giving more than is wanted; the Senate last week added $320 million to the Administration's RS-70 request.

Pravda's comment on last week's news was that the door has been opened "for carrying the armaments race into outer space." In reply, it would be appropriate for the Administration to repeat its desire for cooperation and at the same time spell out the kinds of activities in which it will not engage, including the orbiting of nuclear weapons, and to call upon the Soviet Union to make a similar declaration.

Could more be done? In Geneva, a legal subcommittee of the United Nations Committee on Peaceful Uses of Outer Space has made almost no progress. US representatives insist that a detailed space code cannot be drafted until there has been more research. The Soviets some time ago proposed a general ban on the military uses of outer space, but coupled this with a demand that all foreign bases be liquidated. Even if this demand were dropped, the US would be reluctant to enter any negotiations that would permit the Russians to include communications and reconnaissance satellites in a ban. These satellites provide intelligence about what is going on inside the USSR, and where. The Soviets can get such data on the US by reading unclassified documents. As a result, the Russians want to ban *all* military uses of space, while the Americans want to ban only the orbiting of nuclear weapons. As yet, there has been no determined effort to negotiate an agreement reconciling these two conflicting views.

Assuming that both sides refrain from orbiting weapons of mass destruction, the best that can be said for the new Air Force project is that the Russians may feel obliged to follow suit by developing their own manned reconnaissance satellites. Tit for tat. Each may then have its own reassuring information; each may check on the other, as each now checks, unilaterally, on the other's nuclear tests.

Enjoying It Less?

Last year, tobacco companies spent $114.5 million on television advertising for a product which disinterested scientific observers regard as a proven carcinogenic agent. Sen. Maurine Neuberger (D, Ore.), widow of her cancer-stricken predecessor and herself a recent sufferer from the disease, has been asking how such advertising affects the "public interest" which TV is required by law to serve. An associate director of the National Cancer Institute has called for federal control of tobacco products on the ground that they are a hazard to health. Britain's Royal College of Physicians has recommended government action toward cutting the consumption of tobacco.

The average American over 14 years of age smokes 4,000 cigarettes a year, and this produces a federal and state tax yield (exclusive of purchase taxes) of more than $3 billion. Though the processing industry is dominated by a handful of giant corporations, tobacco farming is incredibly fragmented. Most growers of burley, the distinctive American cigarette tobacco, are licensed to grow less than one acre of it, and allotments of a tenth of an acre are common. Another branch of the federal government protects raw tobacco prices so rigidly that gross returns to these farmers, in relation to their costs, are maintained at a level over 40 percent higher than for a common crop such as corn. 1962 tobacco acreage is four percent ahead of last year, and yields have been rising too.

No farm organization has said a word about the astronomically higher incidence of lung cancer among smokers over non-smokers. It is left to the corporations to deny they have any interest in attracting younger adolescents by advertising which insistently suggests that cigarette smoking is a prerequisite for sexual prowess and professional success. And it is the industry which has set up a board of hired scientists to point out that the only cancer which cigarette tar has ever been observed to produce was on the non-human tissues of a laboratory animal's skin. On evidence less conclusive than this, however, the government ordered the destruction of a chemically-sprayed crop of cranberries a few years ago.

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"What's the Nice Kitty Doing Up There?"

Economic Myths

In his address at Yale University, the President gave the opening lecture of what in coming months may be an extended White House course in adult economic education. Mr. Kennedy hopes to persuade at least more open-minded businessmen to look at what's in the bottle rather than at how it's labelled and to convince him that he is not an ideologist, or even a "liberal." He wants Wall Street to see him as a modern leader, not as the reincarnation of "That Man."

The Yale speech identified several myths which in the President's opinion misrepresent reality – the myth that "government is big and bad – and steadily getting bigger and worse"; the myth that "all our national soundness or unsoundness" can be measured on the simple basis of the federal government's annual administrative budget; and the myth that the public debt "is growing at a dangerously rapid rate," when in fact "both the debt per person and the debt as a proportion of our gross national product have declined sharply since the end of the Second World War."

The President's sophisticated grasp of economics is suggested by his remarks on fiscal and monetary policy, which he personally wrote into the address on his way to New Haven. Nevertheless, some exception can be taken to his statement that fiscal and monetary policy "demand subtle challenges for which technical answers – not political answers – must be provided." There is no technical problem in preventing inflation, if one is unconcerned about how high the unemployment rate and how low the growth rate are to be. Likewise, high interest rates can help arrest the gold outflow, if one is indifferent to the by-products. Moreover, there are many economic problems to which there are no self-evident, technical answers on which the experts agree. To the Secretary of the Treasury, the question of how much gold the US keeps or loses is a matter of basic economic import. To others of the President's advisers, the balance-of-payments challenge is a secondary one and the inordinate worry about the gold supply is itself a myth.

On tax policy, how does one separate technical from political considerations? In terms of the political hopes of this Administration in November, the politician may well ask why, if a tax cut is desirable next year as the White House suggests, it is not desirable this year? And on purely technical grounds, the economist sensibly asks the same question.

Thus, although widespread agreement does exist, in the abstract, on broad economic goals, it is naïve to suppose that such consensus reduces all problems to the "technical" level. Policy requires establishing a priority among goals, and at the point where meaningful priorities are established, disagreement becomes "political." The business community, organized labor and other articulate groups are not going to surrender their differences on priorities, for these rest on deeply held values and strongly entrenched group interests.

Courting Nasser

Soon after taking office, President Kennedy initiated a personal correspondence with Nasser. So far as one can learn, the State Department was not consulted or, at the time, informed about it. Nor was the US Ambassador in Cairo. The President desired simply to bring about a better understanding with Egypt's ruler and to humor his aspiration to be the key figure in Mideastern politics. For this reason Kennedy waited for Nasser's go-ahead last year before recognizing the new Syrian government which had split off from Egypt. This year, Washington has allocated more aid to Egypt than the aid mission there recommended – a highly unusual act of beneficence, since the pattern is for mission recommendations to be whittled down.

The result of all this has been a number of unpublished inquiries and protests from such governments as Jordan, Iran, Israel, Lebanon and Sudan. Their common query: Is the United States planning to make

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Egypt the focus of its interest and concern, and if so why? In response, the State Department has sent around a not wholly convincing circular letter of denial.

The originator of this approach to Nasser reportedly is Mr. William Polk, a student of Arab affairs who taught at Harvard and last year was brought into the State Department as a member of the Policy Planning Council. Mr. Polk's view is that Egypt can do more with aid than any other government in the area. He points to the fact that Cairo is a more modern city than any other in the Middle East, that Egyptians know how to build and to get things done, that Nasser has not put himself in the service of Moscow.

The President seems to have acted on this advice, *though the tangible results have not been entirely satisfactory.* Nasser continued to play a recalcitrant role in the Congo as long as there was a chance for him to do so. He has continued provocative activities – that is, his agents have – among the Mau Mau. He is encouraging dissidents against the Iranian regime, playing around with ideas of helping form some exile committee or even a government-in-exile. In the crises over Goa and West Irian, he has shown his willingness to use the Suez Canal as an instrument of Egyptian policy. The Shah of Iran is especially worried about Nasser's flirtations with his enemies. The Israelis are annoyed.

Sensitive to criticism that it is following too pro-Nasser a policy, the White House would welcome a few friendly gestures from Cairo. The probability, however, is that Nasser is in no position to respond affirmatively. A neutralist policy for Egypt is dictated by the whole political and psychological climate of the Middle East – and of Asia and Africa generally – and by Nasser's own ambitions as leader of the Arab world. Nasser may move temporarily a little closer to Russia (whenever the US delays grants), or a little nearer to the US (whenever Russia and the local Communists try to bring too much pressure on him).

This could change if and when the Russians really start to press Nasser, which may happen in the not too distant future. But for the moment, the Russians think that radical national leaders such as Nasser, Sukarno, Nehru and Nkrumah temporarily fulfill a "progressive function"; the time has not yet come when the local Communists have to be supported against these nationalists. Until it does, Nasser can be expected to burn the candle at both ends, no matter what the volume of letters or dollars from Washington.

THE MARINES HAVE LANDED IN A TRAP SET BY MAO

Peace Comes to Laos?

Bangkok

Peace reigns once again over the Laotian jungle. At the Plaine des Jarres the three Princes – the Blue, the White, and the Red Princes, as they are called by the French soldiers of fortune who regularly congregate twice a day over their *Pernod* at the Constellation Hotel in Vientiane – have posed smiling into the cameras of international press photographers, with hands clasped in that ritual gesture of farewell so dear to the hearts of Boy Scouts the world over. And Messrs. Khrushchev and Kennedy have exchanged cordial messages, as though mutually congratulating each other on the success of their good offices. A "pivotal point," "a milestone," says one. "Very encouraging," says the other.

Here in Thailand, in the bars of Bangkok, however, the atmosphere is much less optimistic, although this has not dampened the innate jocosity of the Thais, who are by nature a rather sunny people. They are still mainly concerned with recounting the latest witticism of the day. The most recent one to date, which is circulated from table to table every evening, is: "At UDON the washing machines are already installed . . . the automatic coke dispensers will be along any minute. . . ."

This is in pointed reference to the GI's of the UDON camp – those 5,000 US marines who for the past month have taken up a position along the Mekong River and are keeping themselves busy bringing in as many of the comforts of home as possible. Apparently the GI's are not planning to leave the banks of this great Indochinese river in the near future. What had to be done to bring about their arrival was done, and whatever has to be done to make them stay will be done; let there be no doubt of it.

This, in any case, appears to be Mr. Khrushchev's opinion. On May 18, the day after the first marines arrived in Thailand, he declared in a speech in Bulgaria: "I was surprised to see how blindly the Americans walked into his net. Once caught in that snare, Comrades, you know it's not so easy to get out!" A snare? Set by whom? For whom?

The Soviet prime minister knew full well whereof he

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spoke. He realized then and realizes now that those several thousand American soldiers standing ready to blast their way through the Indochinese jungle at the first sign of reversal in the precarious balance established by the forced idyll of the three Laotian princes, are to be used as a makeweight to snare him too, Nikita Sergeivich Khrushchev, in their net.

The sudden advance of the Pathet Lao units in Northwest Laos was the direct reason for Washington's move in sending the marines to Thailand. No sooner had they arrived than the Pathet Lao units vanished like magic. Yesterday the forces of the Royal Laotian Army were in full flight; today, without striking a blow, they have rapidly reoccupied many of the same villages which the Communist guerrillas had seized, also without striking a blow, several days before. Scarcely any traces of these open violations of armistice agreements remained. The desired result had been attained: the trap had worked.

From now on, Radio Peking can play back daily the record taped along the lines of the editorial in the May 19 *People's Daily*, proclaiming that "... China absolutely cannot tolerate the establishment of a new military bridgehead, aimed against her and set up in the immediate proximity of territory of the People's Republic. . . ." It can also accuse the government of the United States of seeking to drag all of Southeast Asia into a "local conflict of the Korea type."

And this is, in fact, according to many Western diplomats who are specialists in Asian affairs precisely the goal which Mao Tse-tung had in mind. Obviously, too, this is what Mr. Khrushchev is afraid of: "Remember, Comrades," he went on to say in his Bulgarian speech of May 18, "the Americans involved themselves in the Korean affair readily enough . . . but it took them three years to pull out of it!"

Three years? Three years, during all of which the blood of the "boys over there" would flow and render unthinkable any attempts at Russo-American rapprochement heretofore desired as much by the White House as by the Kremlin. Three years of delay which might permit Red China to bring an end to its present internal difficulties and put it in a position to influence international Communism in the desired direction before the Soviet Union indulged too freely its pro-Western leanings. Three years during which Moscow would find it difficult, from the viewpoint of the rest of the Communist world and of the young "uncommitted" nations to refuse economic aid to a so-called "sister nation" member of the socialist camp engaged, if only indirectly, in a "war of liberation." Three years? This would exceed Mao Tse-tung's highest hopes!

Moreover, Indochina offers a much more favorable terrain for this kind of trap than Korea. Here the jungle can be very economical of its Chinese "volunteers." A handful of "advisors," civilians all, judiciously deployed among the Pathet-Lao or Viet-Cong units (something which has been going on for a long time), are enough to pull the strings of the net tight at the desired moment.

It is true that today peace has been restored to the tiny "Kingdom of the Million Elephants." Laos has a neutralist, coalition government. US aid is about to resume. Once more Prince Souvanna Phouma and Prince Boun Oum can head for France to take care of their family affairs or pursue their pleasures.

But just let the faces of Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev become, through the TV screen, a familiar feature in the intimacy of Russian and American homes; just let the Russo-American talks on Berlin or on disarmament show signs of progress at some future date. Then the Chinese "advisors" of the Pathet Lao will know just what to do to galvanize the marines at UDON into action, and provoke them into using those new flame-throwing debarcation launches with which they are equipped to cross the Mekong.

Mao Tse-tung, in short, has his own kind of push-button warfare. JACQUES JACQUET-FRANCILLON

MIDDLE-CLASS VOTERS IN ENGLAND WANT A CHANGE

Threat to the Tories

London

In a semi-suburban constituency in Middlesbrough, on Tees-side, a town that lives by steel and chemicals, the Labour Party has won its first seat from the Tories during this parliament. A government majority of 8,000 votes in the general election of 1959 has been turned into a Labour majority of 2,000: if this swing were to be repeated elsewhere the Tories would lose about 200 seats in the next election. For this tantalizing prospect Mr. Gaitskell has primarily to thank the revival of the Liberal Party, which has been sweeping

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up the dissatisfied middle-class vote ever since suburbia felt the pinch of the Tory "pay pause," or more accurately, the fall in real incomes caused by the Tories' failure to expand the economy in the past 18 months.

The newest of Britain's middle classes – the skilled workers in the technologically advanced industries of the Midlands and the London region, the ex-grammar school boys from working-class homes, the budding engineering executives and salesmen – have depended for their new, and still rather modest, affluence on wage inflation, overtime earnings and jobs on the side. Their expectations were cut back when the brakes were put on the economy last year. And many of the lower-paid professional workers whose money comes directly from the government – civil servants, teachers, nurses – have found the Treasury reluctant to disburse more than 2.5 percent pay increases, even though organized labor – like the dock workers – has bulldozed 8 percent or more out of private employers.

To all these marginal Tories the Liberals have the appeal of a classless, non-socialist party with progressive aspirations, if not always clearly definable policies. (The two best-known planks of the Liberal platform are an eager desire to join the European Economic Community and a belief that Britain's first duty to NATO is to give up its separate nuclear deterrent.) In the recent 15 by-elections they have been voting Liberal with a will. At Middlesbrough West it was the Liberal who really clawed down the Tory poll and let Labour in. Ever since, Tory ministers have been saying that this terrible aberration by the electorate is precisely what they wanted: according to this thesis, the absconding Tories, aghast at their own folly, will now rally to Mr. Macmillan whenever he gives the word – if only to prevent another 1945-style Labour landslide.

This recovery could still happen. Ministers are anxious to get into Europe – the terms are expected to be known by the end of July – and then get the economy moving in time for a nice pre-election boom next year. But now they are in much more serious mid-term trouble than Anthony Eden was in 1956 or Harold Macmillan himself in 1957-58.

What had consoled them up to the Middlesbrough result was that Labour had been losing ground electorally too. Whenever a Liberal has fought a seat outside the hard core of working-class strongholds he has been taking one Labour vote for every two taken from the Tories. These Labour losses have been the party's remaining white-collar workers and its under-30 vote, and their disappearance has seriously jeopardized Gaitskell's chance of ever forming a government. For the Tories who have gone Liberal contain a substantial element of mere protesters – young marrieds whose mortgage payments have risen with dear money, commuters having to fork out to reduce British Railways' deficit of £150 million last year – many of whom are likely to swing back to the government in easier times. The Labour losses, however, seem to have been among people who feel that they are improving their status – even though they may still live in a subsidized council house – and no longer want to vote socialist. These converts could well stay Liberal at a general election.

This trend means that there are now upwards of 100 seats where the only serious threat to the Tories comes from the Liberals, with Labour nowhere. These constituencies range from London suburbs (at Orpington, in March, the Labour vote virtually disappeared in the swing that enabled the Liberals to capture this Tory seat) and seaside towns like Blackpool, to the broad acres of the West Country, the Scottish Highlands and the hill farms of Derbyshire. On the same day that Labour won in Middlesbrough its candidate was finishing a hopeless third in Derbyshire West, only taking enough of the anti-government vote to stop the Liberal from ousting the Tory. There have thus been some muted calls for a Lib-Lab electoral pact, or for Labour to offer no candidate in some of these seats at a general election in the hope that the Liberals could then carry them against the Tories. But if Gaitskell were to lend himself to such an arrangement it would imply that he had given up all prospect of attaining power – except as a minority premier, kept in office by the Liberals as Ramsay Macdonald was in the 1920's. Since the Liberals are, for example, pro-Common Market and Labour has by now almost impaled itself on its own objections to Europe, any such coalition looks like a non-starter.

Hedged in by these appalling uncertainties, the Gaitskellites heard the good news from Middlesbrough with unconcealed relief. For the first time since the Tory slump began Labour had lost nothing to the Liberals and had even picked up a few hundred disenchanted Tories for itself. Enough middle-class voters had not only realized that Labour had the better chance of unseating the Tory but had dared to vote socialist to bring this about. The reason is not too hard to fathom. The Labour candidate in Middlesbrough was nothing if not Gaitskellite. He bore down heavily on the nuclear disarmers and the anti-Polaris brigade; he even promised not to nationalize the giant Imperial Chemical Industries – on whose bonuses plenty of Middlesbrough families have come to depend. This is the formula best calculated to woo the floating, ex-Tory, now Liberal-inclined vote in the 70 or so marginal seats that really decide general elections. Labour's left-wing indignantly denies that the formula is socialist at all – and it could eventually precipitate a desperate left-wing breakaway. But it is Gaitskell's one remaining hope of getting to Downing Street as his own master.

ALASTAIR BURNET

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YOU STEAL FOOD WHEN THE CADRES AREN'T LOOKING

A Fleeting Glimpse of China

Hong Kong

The agonizing surge of 60,000 refugees into Hong Kong not only neutralized a 22-mile barbed-wire border barrier, as Jacques Jacquet-Francillon reported in these pages two weeks ago; it raised briefly the Bamboo Curtain. The glimpse we had, though fleeting, was authentic and desolate: a gray, barren landscape of hardship and scarcity, of failing food and dwindling hope, of hungry uprooted thousands either conscripted to farm work or wandering in search of greener fields.

Factual reports by city workers, technicians, farmers, fishermen, minor cadres and a sprinkling of professional men caught in Hong Kong's border net indicate that generally the ration in Kwangtung province averages around 1,600-1,800 calories a day. (The average in the prewar years of 1931-37 was 2,150 calories, but the population was of course much lower. UN standards reckon 2,300 calories as the minimum food requirement for the Far East.) The Army is fed substantially better; city workers draw a higher ration than most peasants and, because of higher wages, can buy blackmarket food; senior cadres and local Party secretaries are allegedly distinguishable by fuller faces and more rounded bellies. But, despite transportation difficulties and food hoarding in more fortunate agricultural areas, the Party machine has so far averted famine locally – at the price of undernourishment generally. In teeming Shanghai, where two million workers are being "dispersed" to rural communes in the wake of closing factories, thousands do not die in the street in winter as they did 20 years ago.

As far back as December, Macao and Hong Kong had heard from the Party grapevine that 600,000 factory workers and families would be "dispersed" to rural communes because of a shortage of raw materials for plants, and that a simultaneous and systematic removal of more than two million rural workers would be undertaken from "food-scarce" areas to other (presumably) potentially productive areas. This dispersal, the refugees confirm, is being enforced. Hundreds of thousands of Kwangtung farmers appear to have been moved out of the province to unknown destinations. The Shanghai dispersal has been similarly confirmed by legal visitors to Hong Kong. Surely it is reasonable to assume that this "thinning-out" process is under way elsewhere in China.

The warning which Macao and Hong Kong received in December was underscored by the threat that the Cantonese authorities would unleash old and infirm "useless mouths" on both colonies to embarrass and test their humanitarian reactions. Macao, whose Chamber of Commerce is presided over by a Communist running dog, Comrade Ho Yin, who operates the rich gold-smuggling racket and who is a member of the Chinese National People's Congress, is too weak to turn back any refugee who carries an "exit" permit. But mounting intelligence of an organized concentration of "useless mouths" against Hong Kong – a colony with tough survival qualities, never debilitated by self-pity – was sufficient to induce the Colonial Secretary, Claude Burgess, to announce that no further entries of "illegal migrants" (the colony never calls them "refugees") would be permitted, since they would lower basic living standards of the already "dangerously swollen" population. (Water is now restricted to four hours a day in Hong Kong.)

M. Jacquet-Francillon noted the surprising fact that, although hungry and tired on arrival, the refugees were not starving and did not show symptoms of serious or advanced physical malnutrition. But approximately 20 percent were suffering from an eye ailment due to vitamin deficiency, and the skin of many – men, women and children – bore a curious, dried, mummy-like appearance from the same cause. The blunted vanguard of the influx also reported that the weak and undernourished had lagged behind along the road and that many had died. The reservation should, therefore, be suggested in all objectivity that malnutrition might be more severe among the ones that stayed behind than among those who sturdily embarked on a desperate sally of doubtful and distant adventure. The point to stress is that a major influence behind the exodus was *fear of tomorrow:* fear by factory workers, still clinging to city work, of removal to abhorred labor in rural communes – tomorrow; fear by rural workers, hungry but not yet starving, of famine – tomorrow. The prevalent mood is one of disillusion, hopelessness and passive resistance to eternal back-breaking *yun-tung* (campaigns) directed so often to futile ends; but it is not a mood of active political resentment or smoldering popular revolt. There is literally no record of a single refugee, pleading pathetically to remain in Hong Kong, having asked to be sent to Formosa.

Let some of the refugees speak for themselves:

A Canton doctor: I conducted a clinic at a factory employing 1,600 workers. It is maintained by compulsory contributions of two *yuan* from each worker's

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average monthly pay of 40 *yuan* ($18). Most of my patients are elderly, suffering from edema [dropsical swelling] and inflammation of the liver, due to malnutrition and sugar deficiency. I attend a class of political discussion for two hours a day six days a week. I spend three hours of participation in "free labor," sweeping, gardening and tidying-up the factory premises each day. My average rice ration is seven *liang* a meal. (A normal rice ration in Hong Kong for servants is 14 *liang*.) The government has increased the number of clinics in factories in Canton. Children in nurseries get a special ration of beef and one pound of powdered milk each week. Senior cadres increasingly need medical care for insomnia and nervous worry. The Army gets special treatment in military hospitals, which are better equipped and have the best doctors. My pay is 100 *yuan* ($46) a month.

An old peasant: Now they tell the cadres they must listen to us veterans. But it is hard to teach a cat who has been eating stinking fish how to catch fresh fish.

A copy clerk at Chung Shan University: We don't have enough writing paper now, so there is not enough work for me to do. Even if they punish me when I am sent back, they can only send me to a commune; they would have done that anyway.

A factory-worker from Shaokwan (north Kwangtung): I was being returned with my wife and two children to our old home village because our shoe factory is being closed down. Two years ago there were more than 20 factories in Shaokwan; today there are fewer than 10. We knew we would not be wanted at our village, because the labor force there is adequate and food is already short.

A fisherman from Swatow: We know why our skin has become black in the village. (His flesh resembled a mulatto's.) It is because the cadres have added a seaweed plant to our diet.

An 18-year-old member of the Young Communist League: You work when the cadres are watching, and steal food when they are not.

A woman from Waieyung county: There is little soap. We smell. We have toothache. Our ration of cloth is 1 1/2 yards (27 inches wide) a year for each of us. Often we women have difficulty in providing the simplest measures for monthly illness.

No refugees had heard of imports of grain from Australia and Canada. Ignorance on simple news events, even in the Party image, was abysmal among rural workers. City workers had heard Party propaganda asserting that troubles were largely due to Khrushchev's withdrawal of Soviet aid.

It is difficult to believe that agricultural production will not suffer from weakened morale in the wake of population "thinning-out." The unmistakable trend is away from the extremes of Peking's second phase of headlong "Chinese socialist development" and back to the cautious initial phase of pragmatic Soviet practice. Just as unmistakably, this retreat has been influenced by harsh Chinese experience and not by Soviet precept and example. Human nature being irrational, Peking's resentment of Moscow is probably all the stronger because the Soviet model has perforce been readopted.

The Party can console itself by the impeccable loyalty and discipline of the army during the Kwangtung exodus. All ranks stood firm in the face of shifting orders, of bewildering relaxation, of abrupt retightening of frontier control. Not a single soldier was carried away by the infectious rush of excited and hopeful refugees past military outposts toward the border.

Yet three years of natural disaster and policy blunders have compelled retrenchment in China on a scale unprecedented in 12 years of "liberation." The Mao regime, and the Chinese people, isolated from the world and estranged from the USSR, are committed to another heartbreaking Long March, guerrilla-style, in retreat from, and consolidation against, China's oldest and most unrelenting enemy: hunger.

RICHARD HUGHES

The Covert Wisdom of Property

by Alexander Welsh

It may be that private property has not only ceased to be a fact – as was argued on all sides in the thirties – but has ceased to be a fiction as well. At any rate, the concept seems finally to have eluded the wit of economists. So rarely is the right of private property openly invoked today that it no longer enjoys even the status of conventional wisdom, or of what Thorstein Veblen called "a habit of mind," "a psychological precipitate," "a putative right," and worse. The words "private property" are heard only from the brazen tongues of extremists – as when Harry Weinberg, Roy Cohn,

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and company characterize the expropriation of their newly-acquired Fifth Avenue Coach Line as "one of the most outrageous examples of Castro-like tactics ever attempted against private property." One suspects, of course, that other Americans have not altogether surrendered their faith in property, but the nature of this faith is no longer obvious. Property appears to have gone underground.

What's Wrong with Fidel?

Let's look at the Cuban revolution. The Cuban regime took not merely property but American-owned property – beginning with the seizure of the King Ranch and various oil and mineral concessions in 1959 and rising to fever pitch with the seizure of the Texaco and Esso refineries on June 29 and July 1, 1960. On July 6 President Eisenhower cut the Cuban sugar quota, and by the end of August the Cubans had confiscated most American property that was worth taking. Meanwhile Cuba had become a campaign issue. Foreign Minister Raul Roa complained that Kennedy and Nixon treated Cuba "as if it were a piece of real estate belonging to the United States."

By the time President Kennedy took office about $1 billion worth of American property and $2 billion of Cuban property had been expropriated, without much sign of compensation. The injured parties were not exactly unknown or uninfluential concerns: the American Foreign Power Company's Cuban Electric Company (worth about $300 million); the ITT's Cuban Telephone Company ($100 million); Freeport Sulphur's Moa Bay Mining Company ($75 million); the refineries of Standard Oil of New Jersey ($75 million) and Texaco ($55 million); the United Fruit Company ($32 million); the Lone Star Cement Corporation ($27 million); and some $350 million worth of American-owned sugar mills and cane fields.

Yet these violations of private property seemed to make no sharp impression on the new Administration in Washington. On April 15, 1961, this country went so far as to sponsor a brief invasion of Cuba: but this invasion apparently had nothing to do with Castro's invasion of property rights. Twelve days before, a white paper on Cuba (issued by the State Department but written in the White House) had explained that the US was entirely concerned with the "betrayal" of the Revolution to foreign domination. No mention was made of expropriations. Why?

In his *Conscience of a Conservative* Barry Goldwater has complained of "the fashion in recent years to disparage 'property rights'." Such disparagement is not, however, of recent origin. Christ was concerned for the possible dangers of owning things, as were the Hebrew prophets. The latter tangled with property on two grounds – injustice and alienation. "What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?" And "woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." These deprecations and warnings have wormed their way into the conscience of us all.

Nor have modern thinkers been kind to property. John Locke, its great spokesman, explained that whatever a man "mixed his labor with" became his property. Consequently "the measure of property nature has well set by the extent of men's labor and the convenience of life." For Locke there was a sleeper in this egalitarian argument: "the invention of money, and the tacit agreement of men to put a value on it, introduced (by consent) larger possessions and a right to them." The inequality of existing fortunes was therefore justifiable. Nevertheless, later classical economists seized the labor idea, not the money idea, and converted it into the labor theory of value. This philosophical justification for property was in turn stolen by Marxism and thereby rendered totally unfit for use.

All that remained was for psychoanalysis to smear the retreating dignity of property with a new and highly disagreeable theory of its own. Proudhon no doubt intended to shock us when he wrote that property is theft; but his moral paradox is genuinely attractive when compared with the nursery paradox that property is feces. Freud's papers on the anal character and Sandor Ferenczi's "Ontogenesis of Money" explain the ambiguities inherent in the idea of property – an affliction related, it appears, to the mixed satisfaction and disgust with which a man contemplates his own stools.

There are, then, excellent reasons for avoiding the subject of property in all White Papers. And it is a fact that the right of private property is seldom argued today except under the polite guise of freedom. "Are we maximizing freedom?" demands Senator Goldwater – echoing a bit of economic jargon usually written as "maximizing profits."

This subliminal equation of property and freedom should not be laughed at. It once ruled the world. By the end of the 18th Century the necessary relation between private property and political liberty was freely conceded by every shade of opinion; and few historians will deny that the discovery of liberty in this period was dependent on the existence of widely distributed property. Only recently has the connection become more doubtful in fact and shy in theory.

Gone underground, this linkage of property and freedom nevertheless persists. Today's conservative image of the world crisis derives from the conservative image of a domestic crisis in the 18th Century. There is the dread that energy and numbers are all on the side of a revolution – "we cannot hope to match the Commu-

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nist world man for man," explains Senator Goldwater. And the "dynamic, revolutionary character of the enemy's challenge" is another reason that our only real hope is overwhelming military superiority. The doctrine of massive retaliation and its successors, like capital punishment in an earlier era, is thought to "deter" an enemy desperate because he has nothing to lose.

Another legacy from the age of property is the idea that peoples can be snubbed out of existence, by declaring them "outlaws," withdrawing "recognition," and so forth – like the *nouveau riche* in a 19th Century novel. "We must protect American nationals and American property and American honor everywhere. We may not make foreign peoples love us . . . but we can make *them respect us*." (The italics are the Senator's.)

Even respectable Democrats entertain some of these views. An idea referred to by the President as the "single goal" of our foreign policy – "the goal of a peaceful world of free and independent states" – parallels the 18th Century dream of free and independent property holders as a foundation of the State. The giant corporation may have made this guarantee of freedom seem anachronistic domestically, but the superpowers still defend it internationally. So long as nations are independent, and sufficiently advanced economically, their interest will be defensive and therefore peaceable. They will have something to lose, and therefore will be as jealous as we are for the rule of law and due process in world affairs.

Sovereign States and Estates

The Kennedy Administration has further stressed its faith in a world of independent nations by claiming that the economic system *within* each nation is a matter of private choice. (This is not, of course, a view that all Americans share, any more than they share the Administration's indifference to Cuban expropriations.) W. W. Rostow expressed it this way to the Army's Special Forces on June 28, 1961: "The diffusion of power is the basis for freedom within our own society, and we have no reason to fear it on the world scene." Faith in a system of independent estates has been exchanged for faith in a system of independent nation states; and the anxiety of the landed proprietor in the era of the French revolution has become the mass anxiety of affluent societies.

Rostow's *Stages of Economic Growth* articulates this modern version of the political efficacy of property with force and originality. "Societies caught up in the process of translating industrial potential into the satisfaction of consumers' wants, and diffusing the new goods and services on a widening basis, are likely to generate powerful checks against aggression and an increased willingness to accept dilutions of sovereignty to preserve a reasonably comfortable *status quo*" – just as a political representation based on property has traditionally strengthened the rule of law.

But Rostow does not actually speak of property – nor of profits. On the contrary, he continually feels compelled to deny the potency of "motives of private profit" in favor of such things as "strategic choices," "reactive nationalism," and allusions to mysterious non-economic tendencies in the contemporary American experience. In two or three places Rostow breaks right out and accuses the enemy, the Marxists of being property-minded: "In the main stream of Marxist literature, from beginning to end, it is only in seeking, protecting and enlarging property and income that men are really serious." "It is absolutely essential to Marxism that it is over property that men fight and die." To Rostow, property is clearly unclean; to say someone is excessively concerned with property is equivalent to calling him dirty-minded.

Rostow challenges "Marx's powerful but over-simplified assumption that a society's decisions are simply a function of who owns property." Yet Marx was typical rather than unique in his emphasis on the role of property in the mid-19th Century. "In the absence of military power," wrote Daniel Webster, echoing a hundred others, "the nature of government must essentially depend on the manner in which property is holden and distributed." If Marx and Webster were wrong, we must ask why Rostow assumes that "the basic Russian interest . . . is a defensive interest, essentially similar to that of the United States, Western Europe, and Japan" – *i.e.*, the same as other nations which have too much to lose. If property does not breed freedom, why does Rostow pin such hope on the spread of affluence around the world?

In the coming years property-mindedness seems likely to assume more rather than less importance in world affairs. In a world divided between those who have something worth keeping and those who have nothing, we will be increasingly urged to back up, to disengage ourselves from the impoverished masses represented in the United Nations, and to draw closer to our "logical" (propertied) friends in Europe. Some thinkers, wary of the world's population rise and mindful – in Adam Smith's phrase – that "the affluence of the rich excites the indignation of the poor," have suggested that even Russia represents a potential ally.

Whether these theorists are right or wrong, the creation of a just and meaningful relation between men and goods – the question of property – may ultimately prove even more important than the relation between men and weapons. If private property is no longer our best guarantee of liberty, then what is? And if competitive acquisitiveness is no longer the best way to distribute goods, then what system should replace it?

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Enemies of the People

by Louis J. Halle

"The rule of the working class was inconceivable until the great mass of them were united in desiring it. Then they would be an overwhelming majority. This would not be the dictatorship of a little band of conspirators or a minority party, but of the immense majority in the interests of the immense majority, to prevent counter-revolution. In short, it would represent the victory of true democracy." – LEON TROTSKY *at the 1903 Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Party, from the official minutes of the Congress [quoted by Bertram D. Wolfe,* Three Who Made a Revolution.*]*

"A tyranny is a very fair spot, but it has no way down from it."

The Wall is some 10 feet high with barbed-wire trimmings. It is guarded along its east side by *Volkspolizei* ("Vopos") with tommy-guns, and with binoculars that they use to watch the no-man's-land between it and the East German population.

What are they looking for, these "Vopos"?

As the People's police, the police who represent the People, they are looking for Enemies of the People.

Karl Marx defined the People as the proletariat, the industrial labor-force. He identified the Enemies of the People as the capitalist bourgeoisie and its allies. Marxist science, with its infallible foreknowledge of the course that history must take, revealed to Marx how the Enemies of the People would exploit the People ever more ruthlessly; how the People would become ever more class-conscious, more united, and more revolutionary; and how they would come to constitute an increasingly large majority of the total population. It revealed how the Enemies of the People would constitute an increasingly ruthless but dwindling minority that was bound to be overthrown, at last, by the growing majority. When the majority had overthrown the minority it would set up its own temporary dictatorship, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. That dictatorship would be only a passing expedient, like marshal law, set up to liquidate the Enemies of the People and thereby to establish the classless society. Once this had been accomplished, the state would wither away and mankind would thenceforth live in the enjoyment of perfect freedom.

East of the Wall, the Revolution has now taken place and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat has been set up. What the People's police are about today is the liquidation of the Enemies of the People.

But why the Wall – which was erected by members of the East German People under the muzzles of guns carried by the East German People's police, behind whom stood the soldiers of the Soviet People?

It appears that the Enemies of the People had been crossing freely into West Berlin, escaping from the People's Republic, and not coming back.

But – wasn't this good riddance?

No, and the reason why it was not good riddance supplies the key to the tragedy of Marxism.

After the People had overthrown the Enemies of the People and gained control in East Germany, a vast exodus of the population began, like the Exodus of the Jews from Egypt. The refugees fled from the People's Republic to West Germany, where the Enemies of the People were still in command. Their exodus was draining the People's Republic of the labor-force needed to keep its economy going. By the summer of 1961, more than a quarter of the East German population had already crossed into West Germany, the movement was continuing and increasing, and the time was approaching when the People's Republic would be depopulated, a desert. It was in this contingency that the Wall was built – to stop the exodus.

The key to the tragedy of Marxism is that the Revolution everywhere was made, not as Marx had expected and as Lenin had originally intended, by a majority. It was made, rather, by a minority. In East Germany, as in other countries where the Revolution has taken place, the Enemies of the People constitute the bulk of the population – under the government of a minority that constitutes the People.

It was still the first half of the 19th Century when the young Karl Marx, in association with Friedrich Engels, predicted that, as industrialism advanced, the proletariat would be ever more ruthlessly exploited, and under the impact of its increasing misery would be-

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come an ever larger and more revolutionary majority, until at last it rose up in its wrath, snapped its chains, and overthrew its exploiters. This prediction was the basis of the movement that Marx and Engels then founded; it was the premise of their whole program.

From the moment when the prediction was first published, however, in the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848, the course of history began to belie it. Throughout the long years in which Marx was engaged in writing *Das Kapital*, the factory-system in England and elsewhere was being reformed through the established political procedures, the conditions of labor were being improved, the proletariat was achieving an increasingly respectable and important role in the government of society. Consequently, the proletariat was becoming less revolutionary, finding its fulfillment in the traditional society as it was reformed.

The Marxist Dilemma

The increasingly obvious failure of Marx's prediction confronted his more thoughtful successors with a dilemma: if the Revolution that would usher in the Millennium was to be made at all, then it would have to be made by a minority, and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat would have to be the dictatorship of a minority. This, clearly, would be something quite different from the Master's original conception – based, as it was, on a premise that had proved false.

The dilemma took a peculiar form for the small band of Russian Marxists who, beginning in 1883, conspired to bring about the Revolution in czarist Russia. For czarist Russia was still in a feudal stage of development; it had not yet undergone even the revolution (equivalent to the French Revolution) that would establish the bourgeoisie in power. Consequently, the day was far distant when there would be a proletarian majority, exploited by a dominant bourgeoisie, to make the proletarian revolution in Russia and set up a majority dictatorship.

It was on the solution of this insoluble dilemma that the Russian Social Democrats split, the split finally taking (in 1903) the form of the division between the Bolshevik and Menshevik factions. Throughout most of the period from 1903 to 1917 the Bolsheviks (Russian for "majority") under Lenin were the minority, while the Mensheviks (the "minority") were the majority.

Nothing is more significant for later developments than the fact that Lenin, consummate tactician that he was, pre-empted the name "majority" for the minority under his leadership, that he managed to attach the name "minority" to the opposing majority, and that he obtained general acceptance for this terminology. Here is an early example of that double-talk ("Newspeak") satirized by George Orwell in his novel, *1984*. It represented one way of meeting the dilemma posed by the failure of Marx's prediction to come true: if one had only a minority with which to make the Revolution, one could still call it the majority.

As opposed to revisionists like Eduard Bernstein, who had been prepared to recognize the fallibility of Marx, Lenin was an orthodox Marxist. Throughout most of his career he insisted on the theory that, even in Russia, the Revolution would have to be made by a majority, and the ensuing dictatorship would have to be the dictatorship of the majority over the minority.

As the day approached, however, when the czarist regime would collapse, when the opportunity for seizing power would arise, Lenin and his associates at last faced what was no longer a theoretical dilemma only, but an imminent dilemma in casuistry. The choice was between following orthodox dogma and allowing power to escape, or seizing power in spite of dogma. In 1917, when this choice had to be made immediately, he wrote: "The seizure of power is the point of the uprising. Its political task will be clarified after the seizure." This, in the words of Mr. Bertram Wolfe, represented a policy of "Let's take power and then we'll see." The choice had been made, and its making represented the sacrifice of Marxism – in all but name.

Lord Acton, who said that power corrupts, was a better prophet than Marx.

The October Revolution of 1917 was not the Revolution that Marx had predicted. It was essentially a *coup d'état* by a small band of conspirators, representing only their own party and their own movement, whose overriding purpose was the achievement of power for themselves – after which they would see.

The "political task will be clarified after the seizure," said Lenin. It was indeed! That task, which demanded all the attention and all the energies of those who had seized power, was simply to keep their hold on the power they had seized. What they saw, now, was that they were a small minority besieged in the seat of power. Within Russia, they represented a majority that had never come into existence. And, because the People elsewhere failed to rise up as had been expected, Russia was itself besieged.

The consequence of the emergency that confronted the Bolsheviks after they had seized power, without having anything like a majority, was the personal dictatorship of one man, a dictatorship that could be maintained only by the imposition of a police tyranny on the entire population, by the ruthless sacrifice of that population to the requirements of the state.

The abandonment of Marxism in practice, however, did not require its nominal abandonment. Just as Lenin had called his minority faction the majority, so the dictatorship of the Party or the dictatorship of one man was now called the People's Government. Because the

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name is always more vivid than the reality, all the world was persuaded that the Russian Revolution was the Revolution that Marx had foretold, and that the reign of Stalin was the Dictatorship of the Proletariat that Marx had foreseen. The consequence was to enhance Marx's reputation as an infallible prophet.

What the Wall represents flows with a certain inevitability from the fatal decision that, if the majority with which to make the Revolution was lacking, then the Revolution should be made anyway, without it. Those who made the Revolution anyway, finding themselves in such a desperate situation as a result, have ever since done whatever their self-preservation has required.

What their self-preservation has required is the ruthlessly forced generation of power in the territory under their command, and the use of that power to expand the area under their command, to push back those surrounding forces by which they have felt themselves menaced. As a result, what is nominally the Marxist Revolution has now spread to East Germany and eastern Europe generally – not by the uprising of a majority against its exploiters, but by the Red Army in the name of a majority that does not exist and cannot now be brought into being.

That is why the "Enemies of the People," whom the Russian tanks put down in Budapest in October, 1956, so clearly constituted the overwhelming bulk of the population, which was revolting against the minority that called itself "the People." That is why the exodus of "Enemies of the People" from the East German People's Republic threatened to leave it unpopulated, until its masters resorted to the desperate expedient of the Berlin Wall to stop it.

With the best intentions, men embark on courses of action to which they find themselves committed even after they have discovered, too late, that those courses lead in a direction opposite to their original intentions. The repercussions of the one original mistake are increasingly inescapable,

"But To Let It Go Is Unsafe"

Marx believed that his science of dialectical materialism provided the unerring key to an understanding of the future. On the basis of that belief he predicted as inevitable a secular development that failed to take place. He left behind him, however, a body of disciples and true believers. Having to choose between their faith in his vision and a reality that had betrayed it, they chose the faith. What actually happened in the world, however, was determined not by their faith but by real circumstances.

Lenin, like Marx, began with the vision of perfect freedom and happiness for a mankind that, in the world of his youth, still suffered under the heel of an ancient, an arbitrary, and a decadent despotism. Contrary circumstances, however, forced him from the path that had appeared to him in his Marxist vision, and as he advanced the enticement of approaching power corrupted him.

Stalin inherited the grim situation that Lenin left, and by now there was no turning back. Ruthless and (as we may suppose) cynical, he established a regime of personal tyranny and terrorism essentially like that of the czars but more extreme and efficient. In the aftermath of the Second World War he extended that regime over Eastern Europe and beyond the gates of Berlin. It was this expanded despotism that Khrushchev and his associates inherited from Stalin when at last he died – either of natural causes or, as one may plausibly suspect, because he was put to death.

"A tyranny," said Solon 25 centuries ago, "is a very fair spot, but it has no way down from it." To his fellow Athenians, after Athens had built a Greek empire, Pericles said: "What you hold is, to speak frankly, a despotism; perhaps it was wrong to take it, but to let it go is unsafe."

The men in the Kremlin, like the people of Budapest and the people of Berlin, are the victims of errors that are no longer retrievable. They may have been trying to mitigate the consequences of those errors in the period from Stalin's death to 1956, when they undertook to retract or modify their tyranny over the East Germans, the Poles and the Hungarians – only to find that there was no way down, that to let go was unsafe.

The Wall, running through the heart of a great city for everyone to see, is the symbol of all this. It is a prison wall, and the armed guards posted along it are prison-wardens. No propaganda can disguise its purpose, to keep the prisoners from escaping, to keep them from joining those who are on the outside and free (even if surrounded). Here, before the Wall, the Marxist jargon becomes transparent and one sees the tyranny, its nakedness exposed. The Wall stands as a visible reproach to the movement that embarked so hopefully, over a century ago, upon the liberation of mankind.

Engels, the *alter ego* of Marx, had already become disillusioned with the self-styled disciples of Marx and with the movement that called itself Marxism before he died. "People who imagined that they had made a revolution," he wrote to a correspondent, "always saw next day that they did not know what they had been doing, and that the revolution which they made was nothing like the one they had wanted to make."

The Wall is a symbol of the human tragedy, the tragedy of conquerors and conquered alike. It represents man's aspiration and his fall.

This is the second of three articles.

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Argentina: Study in Apathy

by Leopoldo Aragon

One chilly autumn morning late last month, a platoon of soldiers went into City Hall in Buenos Aires and in no uncertain terms told the gathering Councilmen to dissolve and get out. The City Fathers, without protest, filed silently past the company of troops ringing the building, literally dissolving themselves into the mist enveloping the city on the banks of the River Plate.

This pathetic spectacle happened before the astonished eyes of the Governors of the Inter-American Development Bank, who had come to the Argentine capital from all over the Americas except Cuba to hold their third annual meeting at the invitation of the freshly deposed government of President Frondizi. The city had offered the Bank one of the impressive halls of its city council for the occasion. On the agenda was the Alliance for Progress, a massive plan for the economic development of Latin America "within the framework of representative democracy." Morosely, the session was called to order.

Twenty million Argentines were behaving in much the same resigned way as the Buenos Aires Councilmen, shrugging their shoulders, more worried about the next quotation of the *peso* and its effect on the cost of living than about the quarrels of generals and admirals over the spoils of state.

In Argentina, as in the rest of Latin America, the Armed Forces consider themselves the tutors of any government they do not run. Lacking external wars to fight, they concentrate on politics. But they do not play according to civilian rules, only according to their own. For almost four years the Armed Forces nagged President Frondizi, creating or taking part in 34 major crises. Frondizi proved too slippery for them and held on until the crack-up two-and-a-half months ago, in which not a single intervening faction won anything.

Two of the principals who wanted to become President, General Poggi and Admiral Clement, failed. They were thwarted by General Aramburu who has presidential aspirations for 1964. The Peronists were not obliterated as the military expected, but came out with an aureole of martyrs and defenders of law and order. The "democratic" opposition parties to Frondizi got the opposite of what they wanted when they refused Frondizi their cooperation in a coalition government; with Frondizi's fall the military got tighter control of the government, thus pre-empting any real opposition. But by so doing the Military Establishment, which had been running the country without being legally responsible, moved into the limelight, thus attracting further popular derision (in some areas people threw small coins at the feet of officers in uniform). The country was discredited internationally.

For two days after Frondizi was put in a Navy plane bound for the island prison of Martin Garcia in the River Plate estuary, there was uncertainty as to who would become President. Clement, the Navy Secretary, deferred to Poggi, the Army Chief, who occupied Government House with his troops. While Poggi was collecting generals and admirals in whose presence he would be acknowledged as the revolutionary Chief of State, a telephone message announced that Senate Chairman J. M. Guido had just sworn himself in as constitutional presidential successor before the Supreme Court. Poggi, witnesses say, cursed like a trooper, while other officers smiled. The story behind this sudden switch of events is a typical one.

General Aramburu did not want the Armed Forces to mess things up any further by blatantly taking over the government. So, the day before, Aramburu had sent an emissary to see Guido and offer to protect his legal claim to head the government. Guido saw the emissary in a parked car in front of a race track and was told to go ahead and have himself sworn in. Guido then had two things: Frondizi's approval, slipped to him by a courier, and the armed backing of Aramburu.

Guido went to Government House, knocked at the main door, an officer turned a handle and Guido declared: "I'm the President of the Republic." "Pass," answered the officer, and the lonely figure was taken – says a witness – to the "lion's den." Poggi roared from the Presidential Chair. Guido waited until he had finished and calmly said: "Poggi, Frondizi was deposed because of 'personality conflicts'. Are you starting with me now?" At that, Aramburu's men in the crowd, as if by a signal, stood at attention saluting Guido, thus recognizing him as President.

Poggi stepped down, but was not yet beaten. He and Admiral Clement demanded that Guido be sworn in again, in their presence. He was. They demanded that all appointments in the Cabinet be made through them. They got that too. Clement personally appointed Federico Pinedo to the Ministry of Economics to defend the interest of the cattle and grain powers. The

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peso plummeted. Labor practically went on a war footing. Then Poggi and Clement went too far. They wanted to dissolve Congress unless it legally blessed all that had been done, proscribed the Peronists (whose victories in the March 18 elections triggered the whole chain of events), and cancelled the elections. These and other measures would have made Poggi and Clement legal dictators.

Enter Aramburu again. Word is given and Aramburu's friend, General Rauch, starts his tanks toward Buenos Aires from Campo de Mayo, 15 miles away. Poggi's men don't move. An ultimatum is issued: "Get out peacefully or you'll be blown out of the War Ministry by my tanks." Huffing and puffing Poggi obliges. (Later, as a conciliatory gesture, both men resign their posts.) Not a drop of blood is spilled.

As events proved, the differences among the military did not concern ends but means. The "Gorilla" faction represented by Clement, Poggi and Air Force Secretary Brig. Gen. Rojas Sylveira were for outright military rule, with a General as President. Ex-Foreign Minister Carlos Florit told me that "the Pentagon, through the American Military Attachés in Buenos Aires had given assurances to the Military Cabinet that the US considered Argentina so important in Latin America that aid would be forthcoming no matter who was President, so long as he remained faithful to Washington." (At the height of the crisis, however, US Ambassador McClintock took pains to visit each Military Secretary to tell him this was not so.)

The "Legalists," headed by General Aramburu, were determined at all costs to preserve a veneer of legality. Aramburu sent his most trusted lieutenant to Washington, Editor Francisco Manrique, to convince the White House and the State Department of the "constitutional continuity" of the Guido regime. It is said too that a letter from Frondizi to Kennedy was delivered by ex-Ambassador del Carril asking that Guido be recognized "for the good of Argentina." A few days later the State Department "acknowledged" the "continuity," setting in motion a $100 million standby loan from the International Monetary Fund and a $50 million loan from the US Treasury.

That was all the "Legalists" wanted. The "Gorillas" now got their way. Puppet President Guido signed a decree annulling all the elections held in Argentina since December, 1961, thus wiping out provincial and municipal elections won by the "democratic" parties and the March 18 Parliamentary elections won by the Peronists. This deprived Congress of half its mandates. Another decree put 22 military men in the governorships of the 22 Argentine provinces, and by default in local administrations as well. On May 1, the federal police announced that all Peronist party centers in the country had been closed and meetings banned. The mass rally the Peronists promised for May Day in Buenos Aires was cancelled; instead, the Peronists announced they would fight by "every legal means" for their rights. By this show of moderation, they deprived the military of an opportunity to crush them bodily.

Conversely, a very significant change occurred on the economic front. Clement's Economic Minister, Federico Pinedo, was suddenly replaced by Alvaro Alsogaray, who had served in the same capacity under Frondizi, and who supposedly represents the industrial interests. The *peso* rallied somewhat. In the interim, it is now revealed by an opposition newspaper, *Democracia*, some four billion *pesos* were made overnight by big grain exporters through ledger conversions of *pesos* into dollars and back into *pesos*.

At last count Argentina's cash reserves had sunk to an appalling low, less than $30 million. The country has a foreign debt of some $2 billion. Tax collections since Frondizi's banishment have been almost nil. Private firms have frozen practically all debt payments. Private investment, foreign and domestic, has been scared away. In the industrial belt around Buenos Aires some 150,000 workers have lost their jobs, the hardest hit being auto, textile and metallurgical workers.

On May 21 the government issued a decree which guarantees political paralysis until March 31, 1963,

Protective Custody

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when elections for the national Chamber of Deputies will take place. Political parties were given 120 days to reorganize: Section 7 of the decree says: "The new statutes will insure full and authentic popular representation in elections; will prevent actions of political parties or movements which attempt to establish dictatorial governments or praise any past or present dictatorship; and will prevent funds and resources of labor unions being used for political struggle or action."

Congress has, in fact, been disbanded, for the 96 deputies elected before December, 1961, are one less than a quorum (there is a total of 192 seats), and Section 5 of the decree orders "a recess of the national Congress until the Chamber of Deputies is completed."

Now it is force and the fear of force that keeps Argentina from splitting apart. It was by force that the police prevented Congressmen from entering their building on April 22, lobbing some 700 tear gas grenades on them and their sympathizers. Government employees have not been paid in three months, unemployment has reached disaster proportions, strikes have taken place in key transportation industries, and another general strike is in the making. Will Argentina be able to remain at peace until May 1, 1964, when a nationally elected President is scheduled to take office?

What has gone wrong with this basically wealthy country, one that enjoyed one of the highest standards of living in the world just before World War II?

At least something can be said for Peron and his regime, no matter how clumsy or dishonest he was. He realized that the export of grains and beef was not going to sustain the high Argentine standard of living for long in the face of disastrously falling prices. So he attempted to adjust the national economy by stressing industrialization. That in the process he almost killed agriculture does not detract from his willingness to innovate. It was in the social and political spheres that he most grievously failed. When the economic situation worsened and opposition from the Army and the bourgeoisie mounted, he based his power increasingly on the urban poor and the trade unions – until, when the nation reached bankruptcy, he was governing by mob.

A well-known fact of life in Argentina is that the majority of today's rabid anti-Peronists in the Armed Forces, almost all those who have sworn eternal hatred to Peronism, were once the major beneficiaries of his dictatorship. They only overthrew Peron when the coffers became empty. (In justice one must say that, by and large, the Navy never supported Peron, and for an obvious reason: Navy officers come almost exclusively from the landed aristocracy, whose interest Peron was undermining with his industrialization plans.)

A pattern seems to be re-emerging: a Labor-Military understanding, or Peronism without Peron. Labor knows that it cannot take power without the military, and neither do the thinking generals believe they can run the country without Labor's cooperation. According to two prominent political realists in Argentina, Gen. Carlos "Chivo" Rosas, political ideologist of the army and close adviser to Aramburu, and Rogelio Frigerio, there is no way out except through collaboration between the armed forces and labor. They mock at the "gorillas" who believe they can banish three million Peronist votes or force three million workers to keep industry and services going.

Three weeks ago General Aramburu, who occupied the Presidency after the revolution which ousted Peron, virtually threw his cap into the ring again in a speech to the firemen of La Boca, a waterfront district of Buenos Aires. His speech was so construed by the Navy; that day Buenos Aires was plastered with posters calling Aramburu a "Traitor," about to make a deal with the Peronists.

But Aramburu is not the only politician who has been struck by the charm of three million Peronist votes (a third of the entire Argentine electorate). Rumors are rife that Rogelio Frigerio, the Gray Eminence in the Frondizi Administration, is similarly attracted. This time, instead of selling the Peronists on Frondizi, as he did in 1958, Frigerio is trying something much harder, getting labor to back General Leon Bengoa as a presidential candidate, and then dangling this prospect in front of the other two large parties (the Intransigent Radicals and the People's Radicals) to see which one offers him better terms. (Frigerio is as hateful to the military as Peron himself, but he expects to assuage their feelings by having one of their own in his camp.) It should be noted that neither the Intransigents nor the People's Radicals went along with military determination to deny the Peronists the seats they won in the April 18, 1962 elections.

Andres Framini, the titular head of Peronism, who got elected but was not permitted to occupy the Governorship of Buenos Aires Province, has shown a very receptive attitude toward feelers put to him by the other parties and political leaders. As he indicated to me in Buenos Aires, Peronism is managed by a new generation which carried on the hard fight while Peron and the older leaders were in gracious exile. They feel the Party is now theirs. Peron remains the symbol, but Framini is quite determined to keep his position as the managing director, and he knows his star is rising.

The State Department and the US Embassy in Buenos Aires are aware of the importance of emergent neo-Peronism. It is significant that no adverse comments on neo-Peronism have been heard from American officials. Perhaps this is because, as a Latin American expert in the State Department opined, "You know, this neo-Peronism is the only labor mass movement in Latin America that is not Marxist oriented."

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The Right to Secede from History

by Kenneth S. Lynn

The American Civil War has been on Edmund Wilson's mind for a far longer time than the fifteen years which went into the making of *Patriotic Gore*. As his other writings reveal, he has been brooding about the subject for most of his life.

Over the years, Wilson has been almost obsessed by the proposition first advanced by Henry Adams in his *Education* that the Civil War destroyed the 18th Century in America – the century in which Wilson, no less than Adams, has always felt most at home. Although he concedes that the first seventy years of our national life did not exactly bring into being the Reign of Reason envisaged by Jefferson, Wilson nevertheless believes that the general scrimmage for money in Jacksonian America was restrained by ideals of republican responsibility deriving from the Enlightenment and shared by influential citizens in all sections of the country. The Civil War, however, broke up what Wilson refers to in *A Piece of My Mind* as the "common cause" between the enlightened patriots of the North and the South, and fostered "the wild and overwhelming growth," as he phrases it in *Europe Without Baedeker*, of "impulses to self-aggrandizement and appetites for material success." Ever since, the "children of serious republicans" have been – to a greater or lesser extent, depending on the decade – displaced persons.

Patriotic Gore,
Studies in the Literature
of the American Civil War
by Edmund Wilson
(Oxford; $8.50)

The three decades following Appomattox – "banal in a bourgeois way and fantastic with gigantic fortunes" – were the most difficult of all for "Americans brought up in the old tradition," and as Wilson has made clear in an extraordinarily candid memoir of his father, for no one of the post-war generation was life more trying than for Edmund Wilson, Senior. Educated at "18th Century Princeton," the senior Wilson became by the early 1890's a highly successful lawyer, although he seems not to have cared about building up a fortune; what he really wanted was to become a public servant so that he could help to further that special destiny of American society in which, as an inheritor of 18th Century utopianism, he was strongly inclined to believe. The sordidness of politics at the turn of the century so appalled him, however, that he refused to run for office. Ridden by a sense of unfulfillment, he became subject, by the time he was 35, to "neurotic eclipses, which came to last longer and longer and prove more and more difficult to cope with." Beginning in 1908, he served for a time as Attorney General of New Jersey, and when Woodrow Wilson entered the White House he had hopes of being appointed to the Supreme Court – but in this expectation as in so many others he was doomed to disappointment. In his "later and darker years," he withdrew more and more from the practice of his profession, preferring to spend his time at Talcottville, New York, in the 18th Century house which actually had been in his wife's family, but which in its drastic isolation and enchanting evocation of an older America was truly his home. When he died in 1923, he was sixty.

Edmund Wilson Junior's relationship to his father has been a complicated one. "As a child," he has written, "I imagined that a permanent antagonism existed between my father and me, that I was always, in tastes and opinions, on the opposite side from him." His father was dogmatic and overbearing – "not an easy man to talk to." Yet the child was startled one day to discover that his penmanship was an uncannily exact imitation of his father's elegant handwriting, and in his young manhood Wilson came to realize – while going through his father's papers, after his death – that the literary style he was endeavoring to perfect was an emulation of the senior Wilson's silvery-clear prose. Furthermore, Wilson notes, when he suffered a nervous breakdown in his middle thirties, he was the same age as his father had been at the time of his first "eclipse." And when Wilson set down his reminiscences of his father, he had reached the age at which his father had died. The memoir – need it be added? – was written at Talcottville.

At the heart of this complex relationship stands the figure of Abraham Lincoln. The senior Wilson admired Lincoln enormously. He had a whole library of Lincolniana, and he was fond of giving a speech called "Lincoln the Great Commoner." His son automatically made a point of knowing as little about Lincoln as possible, and considered his father's interest in the subject to be nothing but a pose which "verged upon demagoguery." For while the elder Edmund Wilson wished to serve the American people, he was no commoner himself, and he lacked the common touch; he dealt with political crowds, as well as with the clients who came to his office, *de haut en bas*. Only after his father's death did the author of *Patriotic Gore* come to understand his parent's kinship with Lincoln. For he now read Herndon's life of Lincoln, which his father had always told him was the least sentimental of all the biographies, and at last realized that here was "a great lawyer who was deeply neurotic, who had to struggle through spells of depression, and who . . . had managed, in spite of this handicap, to bring through his own nightmares and the crisis of society – somewhat battered – the American Republic." Wilson has been fascinated by Lincoln ever since, and he figures most

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importantly in his most recent book. Wilson's Lincoln is Herndon's all over again, except that he is more neurotic and more aloof: a cold aristocrat who deals with the people *de haut en bas*.

The same constellation of qualities that Wilson finds in Lincoln he also discerns in Lenin. Both the Springfield station and the Finland station stand in Wilson's imagination for a superior man who had a lucid, skeptical, toughly realistic intelligence, yet who was also possessed by a mystical vision of human destiny; who was curiously indifferent to the world around him, yet who committed all his intellectual strength to a worldly career; and who was lucky enough to catch the express train of History at the right time. As he observed a few years ago, Wilson has a "special susceptibility" to this man, but it is a susceptibility which has always involved as much distrust as it has admiration. We can see these contradictory feelings at work wherever we turn in Wilson's writings, in his fiction as well as his criticism, but nowhere are they more vividly displayed than in the description he wrote in 1935 of Lenin's death-mask:

"We are struck by the aggressive intellect of the boxlike skull which seems always to be tilted forward; here the nose and lips are still rather thick, the eyebrows sharply bristling. . . . But the head in the tomb, with its high forehead, its straight nose, its pointed beard . . ., its sensitive nostrils and eyelids, gives an impression in some ways strangely similar to that one gets from the supposed death-mask of Shakespeare. It is a beautiful face, of exquisite fineness; and – what surely proves its authenticity – it is profoundly aristocratic. Yet if this is an aristocrat, it is an aristocrat who has not specialized as one; and it is a poet who has not specialized as a poet. . . . Nor is it in the least the face of a saint."

Analyzing this passage 21 years after it was written, Wilson remarked that it is suffused with "a yearning for 'Holy Places'," but it is a yearning that is deeply crossed by a sense of danger. Well before Wilson fell out of sympathy with the Soviet Union, he betrayed an uneasiness in the presence of the dead Lenin that reflected the personal tensions of a lifetime.

The most violent denunciation Wilson has ever written of the ruthlessness of superior men – and nations – occurs in the introductory chapter to *Patriotic Gore*. Lincoln and Lenin are mentioned in the same breath – but only in order to set up a comparison between the crushing of the Confederacy by the Union armies and the Russians' descent upon Budapest in the mid-1950's. In a series of scorching paragraphs which are as bitter and disillusioned as anything to be found in the later essays of Mark Twain (to mention another child of the Enlightenment with extremely ambivalent views of politics and politicians), Wilson asserts that wars are not fought for ideals, but for the voracious reasons that prompt sea slugs to attempt to ingurgitate one another (again like Mark Twain, Wilson has always been fond of relating human behavior to zoological phenomena), and he dismisses the anti-slavery speeches of Northern leaders, as well as the wartime slogans of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, as mere propaganda designed to justify aggression. In Wilson's view, the United States of the 1960's is the greatest sea slug of them all, and our fine talk about the "free world" and the "Iron Curtain" is nothing but an inky excretion behind which we stalk our prey. To halt this murderous – and suicidal – quest, Wilson offers us his massive study of the literature of the Civil War, corrosively entitled *Patriotic Gore*. For it is Wilson's hope that by "objectively" examining the Northern and Southern "myths" in the name of which Americans fought and killed one another a hundred years ago, we will be able to recognize "the kind of role that our . . . country is playing" in the dangerous drama of contemporary world politics.

After such an urgent beginning, it is indeed strange to find that *Patriotic Gore* makes almost no effort to expose the humanitarian idealism of the North as propagandistic; on the contrary, the book honors the Northern "myth" in almost all its manifestations. When Wilson writes of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that it shows how the character of the white South had been weakened "through the luxury and the irresponsibility that the institution of slavery breeds," he is praising the brilliance of

A Short Way by Air

Between now and the moment when you touch
Down at the end of your trip, so much
Will happen. Before you lies
A legendary fairground, whose size
Measures the days ahead; a carousel
Swings round and round, its bright mounts fall
And rise as did our breathing – carrying
The scenes and persons of your travelling,
Each for a moment outlined legibly
Against a mulberry sky
That fades to dawn or ripens into night.
The light
Brushes tower after tower, or swaying
Into the past a palace topples, as round again
The equestrian hours throng. I look far out
Over what lies before me – a prospect
Of absence, whose extent I shall
Count over often; the everyday is genial
Enough, but there was never such
Warmth, for me, as when we are in touch.

BARBARA HOWES

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Mrs. Stowe's moral insights, not damning her as a war-monger; when he cites an 1841 letter of Lincoln's in which Lincoln refers to the sight of ten or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons as "a continual torment to me," he is paying tribute, as Herndon did, to the compassion that resided side by side with the coldness in Lincoln's character; and when he quotes from Francis Grierson's poetical remembrance of the 1850's as a decade in which "things came about not so much by preconceived methods as by an impelling impulse," he does not undercut Grierson's mysticism by subsequent references to an economic, let alone a sea-slug interpretation of the period. In the presence of these inspired individuals – and of General Grant and General Sherman and the other Northerners he considers – Wilson is at Lenin's tomb all over again: despite all his reservations about the harsh single-mindedness, or the emotional aridity, or the animalistic savagery of these History-makers, he cannot help registering, in a language that is often deeply moving, his yearning to believe in the honor of their cause. In his chapter on Grierson, Wilson quotes Dr. Paul Tillich to the effect that "the cultural vocation of the United States was to realize the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, that the motive behind the American Dream . . . was primarily a religious one," and in the mildness of Wilson's demurrer – "It is somewhat surprising to hear that this expectation still survives as a phenomenon sufficiently general to be noticeable to a foreign theologian" – one can hear the voice of an 18th Century idealist who has never given up his utopian dreams, no matter how biological his historical metaphors have become.

These contradictions make for chaos in the logical structure of *Patriotic Gore*, but they also make for interest, and in the chapter on Justice Holmes they are actually essential to a striking literary portrait. Inasmuch as Holmes was also a Junior, as well as a post-Civil War lawyer who made it to the Supreme Court, it is perhaps not surprising that Wilson has for years had a special interest in the Justice. But Wilson has felt even closer to Holmes than these details suggest, for reasons which have to do with Holmes' ambivalent attitude toward the Civil War and toward American society in general. Although Holmes had accepted the call to arms as a holy crusade, the experience of fighting cured him for life, Wilson says, of "apocalyptic social illusions." Yet the "paradox," as Wilson rightly calls it, of Holmes' mind is that in the midst of his disenchantment with all idealisms (a disenchantment that became the cornerstone of his achievement as a legal philosopher), Holmes retained what he called in one of his most famous speeches "The Soldier's Faith" –

> "I do not know what is true. I do not know the meaning of the universe. But in the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creeds, there is one thing I do not doubt, that no man who lives in the same world with most of us can doubt, and that is that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use."

Similarly, Holmes' ability to remain "aloof and detached from the life of the United States was a phenomenon of a very uncommon kind," at the same time that he was intensely patriotic. Holmes, in sum, was a "rare survival of the type of the republican Roman," perhaps, indeed, "the last Roman in American life," a "man of the old America" who was somehow miraculously unbroken by the new – who carried forward into the 20th Century the old ideals of "independence and fair-dealing," of "rectitude and courage," as well as the ancient conviction that "the United States had a special meaning and mission to devote one's whole life to which was a sufficient dedication for the highest gifts." If by now this list of Augustan virtues is as familiar as are the grounds for Wilson's reservations about Holmes (his bleakness, his ambition), it is nevertheless true that in this instance Wilson's penchant for projecting personal preoccupations into historical and literary studies increases our understanding of the subject as well as of the author. *Patriotic Gore* begins by asking the sneering question, why should we pay taxes to a government that spends our money on biological warfare research? – and closes with a celebration of a Supreme Court Justice who had no interest in seeing America, or in reading the newspapers, or in otherwise feeling the "pulse," as Holmes wrote to Pollock, "of the machine," but who bequeathed his entire fortune to the government of the United States: in the agony of his own love-hate affair with modern America, Wilson has correctly sensed in Justice Holmes a spiritual kin.

Again contrary to the expectations set up by the introduction, *Patriotic Gore* deals as gently with the Southern "myth" as with the Northern; for it, too, represents a set of values in which Wilson finds much to admire (as well as much to disapprove of). The two "myths" are, of course, very different from one another, as Wilson conceives them (they have, indeed, been contending in his imagination from the very beginning of his career – long before he thought to call them Northern

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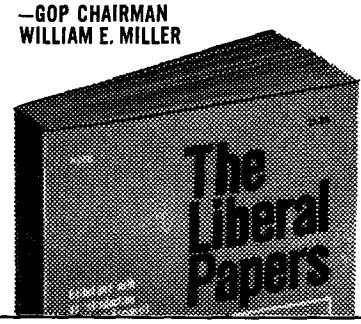

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and Southern, or to refer to their struggle as a Civil War); one stands for History, its symbol is a railroad station, its protagonists are men of affairs; the other stands for Art, its symbol is a medieval castle, its characters are dreamers. The key to the former is Edmund Wilson, Senior; to the latter, the man whom Wilson says had more influence on his formative years than anyone except his father, Christian Gauss.

Gauss was also "a part of that good 18th-Century Princeton," but the ideal he served was a "certain conception of art," not a dedication to public duty. In *The Shores of Light* Wilson has tried to define what that ideal was. Although Gauss had a sense of the world and of the scope of art that was much bigger than was common among the aesthetes and symbolists of the end of the 19th Century, he had a fundamental loyalty to the aestheticism of the late nineties which he had first encountered as a foreign correspondent in Paris. He had known Oscar Wilde, and admired him, "and Christian used to tell me, with evident respect," Wilson writes, "that Wilde in his last days had kept only three volumes: a copy of Walter Pater's *The Renaissance* . . . Flaubert's *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* and Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*." Gauss' own literary pantheon also centered on Flaubert (and Dante), and he adhered to a Flaubertian conception of the artist's morality "as something that expressed itself in different terms than the churchgoer's or the citizen's morality; the fidelity to a kind of truth that is rendered by the discipline of aesthetic form. . . ."

Wilson's international renown as a literary critic began with the book that most overtly expressed his response to the *fin-de-siècle* tastes of Christian Gauss, *Axel's Castle*. In a sense, the book was not a response, but a reaction, for it appeared at the height of Wilson's enthusiasm for the Soviet Union; as Wilson himself observed many years later, the imaginary medieval castle of Villiers de L'Isle Adam's *Axel* was intended as a decadent contrast to the "very shabby little railroad station" where Lenin, returning from exile, had got off the train, and which had thus become "the scene of a climax in man's moral and political life." Yet hard-core Communist critics were far from satisfied with *Axel's Castle;* they detected a softness in Wilson's treatment of the aesthetic credo that raw life can never be as satisfactory as one's exquisite and intense imaginings – and they were dead right. In spite of his being under the spell of Lenin, Christian Gauss' most brilliant student was as faithful as his teacher to the doctrine that Art has its own kind of truth that History knows not of.

Wilson's sympathy with the people of the old South proceeds directly out of his "aesthetic" belief that people have the right to secede from History if they so desire (as for living, the *fin-de-siècle* hero of *Axel* remarks, "our servants can do that for us"). For Wilson is convinced that if the imaginative life of mankind is to survive, then the private enjoyment of one's own dreams must be defended against onslaughts on the mind from outside – a doctrine that was first enunciated by the greatest Southern writer of the antebellum period before being taken up by Baudelaire. Thus *Patriotic Gore* pays tribute to Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy, whose concern for individual rights was so intense that he even resisted Jefferson Davis' efforts to bind the seceded states into some semblance of a union; to Mrs. Mary Chesnut, the cultivated and aristocratic diarist whose family reminds Wilson of the Bolkonskys of *War and Peace* (just as Lincoln and the Army of the Potomac remind him of Lenin and the Soviet Army); and to all writers of the Civil War period, whether of Northern or of Southern origin, who preferred to be observers of life, rather than participants. "They also serve," Wilson says, "who only stand and watch. The men of action make history, but the spectators make most of the histories, and these histories may influence the action."

At Talcottville now, Edmund Wilson also stands and watches.

Life with the Lord of the Kremlin

by Carolyn Lansdale

"It has happened sometimes," said Bulganin to Khrushchev, "that a man goes to Stalin on his invitation as a friend. And, when he sits with Stalin, he does not know where he will be sent next – home or to jail."

The higher you stood in the Stalinist hierarchy, the less you could be sure, in the middle of a thickening plot, where you were going to wind up. Even if you had the doubtful honor of being chosen chief investigator, you were always aware that, just before the Third Act curtain, some other member of the cast – an obscure little man from Security, or, equally likely, one of your oldest comrades – might suddenly announce, with smile on face and gun in hand, that you were under arrest.

The Northern Palmyra Affair
by Harrison E. Salisbury
(Harper; $4.95)

Khrushchev quoted Bulganin's remark one night in February 1956, when B. and K. were still a team, Stalin was three years dead, and Nikita Sergeevich was telling a number of dark secrets to 1,436 of his closest friends. By the time he had finished – the horror story took several hours to relate – there was not much left of the glorious image of the Great Leader.

J. V. Stalin's purges were faked. His victims, in their thousands, were not enemies of the people. They were not even enemies of Stalin. Unfortunately, the old man had been "morbidly suspicious," and in the immediate postwar years, "his persecution mania reached unbelievable dimensions."

"It was precisely at this time," Khrushchev explained sadly, "that the so-called 'Leningrad affair' was born."

Leningrad has been known by several names, real and fanciful, in its relatively short existence. Peter the Great thought of it as his "window on the West." It thinks of itself, I have learned from reading Harrison Salisbury's first novel, as another Palmyra – ancient meeting place of East and West.

Identification with a southerly city seems to be an old northern custom. Amsterdam, where Peter learned to

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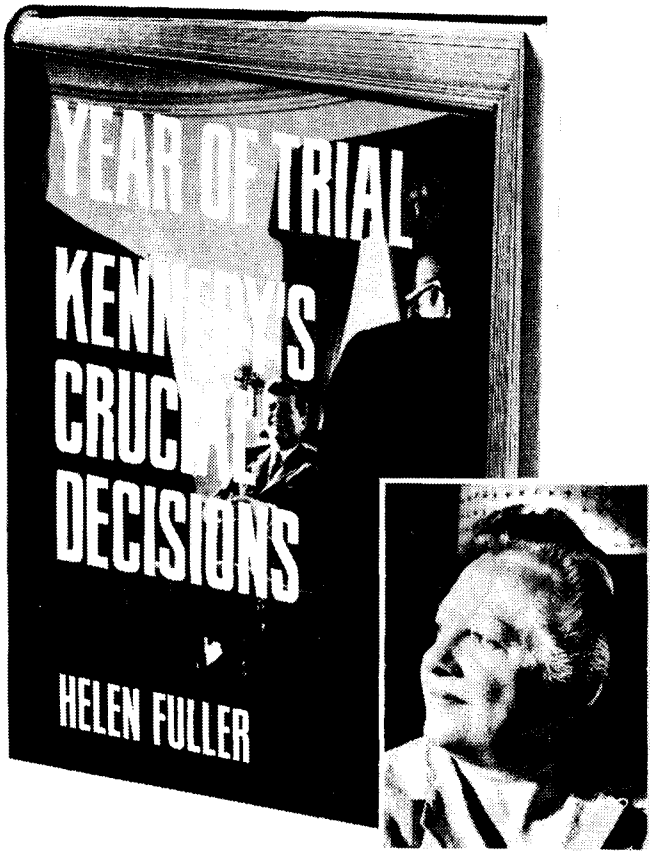
by Helen Fuller

Contributing Editor, The New Republic



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build ships, sees the reflection of Venice in her brown canals. Elegant Copenhagen reminds the Danes of Paris. Leningrad's choice is based not on material similarities but on a feeling of atmospheric affinity.

Riding along a favorite route in his beloved city, one of Salisbury's characters muses on the peculiar suitability of the name "Northern Palmyra." "The aura of mystery, of the Orient, of the past, of conspiracy. For of all cities it seemed most mad for conspiracy."

The conspiracy which becomes known as the "Northern Palmyra Affair" does not, however, originate in Leningrad but in Moscow. The plot of Salisbury's novel is a fictionalized version of Stalin's last successful purge. The one to follow, the "Doctors' Plot," would have made the grand sweep of the Kremlin court. Salisbury records the fact that Moscow has little love for Leningrad, and the victims of the "Leningrad case" were exonerated posthumously. But when Stalin began setting snares for his immediate entourage, he made the mistake, common to autocrats, of uniting powerful enemies long enough to assure that they would bury all their hatchets in one place. The "Doctors' Plot" was the trap he did not live to close.

In his secret speech to the Twentieth Party Congress, Khrushchev informed his audience that the "Leningrad case" was a fabrication. "Why is it that we see the truth of this affair only now," he asked – rhetorically, of course –"and why did we not do something to prevent the loss of innocent lives? It was because Stalin personally supervised the Leningrad Affair. . . ."

Salisbury tells the story of Stalin's reward to prominent survivors of one of the most terrible sieges in history – the purge took place in 1949 –from the point of view of the several citizens of Leningrad who are marked as victims and as witting or unwitting agents of his vengeance. This approach would be dangerous for the sort of reporter-turned-novelist who has spent years on a foreign assignment without acquiring more than a superficial knowledge of the country's politics or its inhabitants' habits, and who learned only enough of the language to order a drink or ask the way. The author of *The Northern Palmyra Affair,* in his term as a correspondent, evidently penetrated deep beneath the surface of his dateline territory. He has a profound understanding of the famous Russian "soul" in general, and of a number of Russian souls in particular.

The characters are drawn from Russian life, and the figure of Michael Galin is based on the angry young man whom Stalin allowed the freedom to dispose of Kirov in 1934. But the plot by which the Lord of the Kremlin achieves the purge of the leading Party, military, and civic figures on the post-war Leningrad scene is the author's own invention.

The intended victims of the "Northern Palmyra Affair" are invited not to a dinner but, more appropriately, to a funeral. Michael Galin, son of the novel's dead heroine, brings his mother's body from Tashkent, her place of exile, to Leningrad, her home and center of her fame as a sculptress. On the night of his arrival, he seeks out Irena Galina's lovers and friends – and the enemy who engineered her downfall – and tells them that she will be buried next day, at the Volkhov Cemetery. Some realize that the funeral will also be their own. Others hope for the best. Some accept the invitation – or challenge – of their own volition, out of loyalty to the memory of the dead woman. Some are ordered by Moscow to take part in the ceremony in order not to alert the others to the trap. Only one refuses to attend.

Although she is dead when the story begins. Irena Galina is the novel's central character. In the course of the twenty-four hours which elapse between Michael's call on his mother's first love and Moscow's congratulations to a nasty little man for a job well done, her life is replayed and her personality recreated in the minds of those who are about to die because they knew her. The flashback technique also is dangerous if ineptly executed, but here again the author proves his competence. The various reminiscences through which he builds a three-dimensional portrayal are so naturally touched off by young Galin's unexpected, potentially deadly, visitations that there is never any sense of contrivance or of an awkward halting of the action.

Galina is a woman of fire and steel, a passionate human being, a dedicated artist. Her spirit in the days of the blockade is an inspiration to men and women of phenomenal courage. In the midst of the siege, she vows to spend the rest of her energies, once the victory is won, to a lifelong fight to prevent the recurrence of such horrors. She uses her art as her weapon, creating a work which is intended as a shattering indictment by Woman of Man the Warmaker – not Capitalist Man, not People's Democracies against Imperialist Warmongers, but man in general and war in general. The male figure in the group has murdered a child and is attacking a woman, and it is a woman – a mighty, Russian woman – who is on the point of destroying him. Galina could, of course, have given the work a particularized title which would have put it within the allowable limits of the Party Line, but she is not one to equivocate. She calls it "Against War."

When the writer Smirnoff, who has a terrible reason for wanting revenge on the sculptress, discovers the statue in her studio, he knows he has her. A scathing critique of the work suffices to secure Galina's disgrace and subsequent banishment. She tries to protect her friends by refusing the assistance of those who are powerful and avoiding the company of those who are weak. A few years later, helpless in death, she becomes the bait which lures them into the trap.

Among the marked victims, Ivanoy, the Leningrad Party Secretary, is in the best position to understand what is happening, though for him as well as the others the situation is far from clear. He reluctantly reaches the conclusion that "it might be Stalin himself" who is directing this devilishly ingenious plot and that the target is not a handful of miscellaneous people but the heroic city itself.

"Someone feared Leningrad. Someone hated Leningrad. Someone was ready to go to any ends to satisfy that hatred and quench that fear."

Salisbury uses the meditation of Ivanov following Galin's visit and the last meeting of the planners of the "Northern Palmyra Project" to give the most brilliant account which has yet been published of the method and psychology of a Stalin purge. As if that were not enough, he has also written an exciting suspense story and a beautiful novel about a great city.

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JULES FEIFFER

I JUST **DON'T** KNOW, CY - IT DOESN'T QUITE SEEM PRACTICAL. I MEAN, SHOULDN'T BOOK PROMOTION BE - WELL - MORE **DIG**NIFIED?

WHAT'S **UNDIGNIFIED** ABOUT A GOOD SONG? THEY DO IT WITH **MOVIES** ALL THE TIME!

BUT WRITING SONGS TO GO WITH THE TITLE OF NEW BOOKS - LET'S FACE IT - IT **IS** A LIT-TLE FAR OUT-

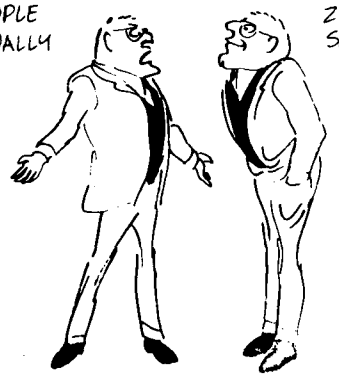
FORGET FAR OUT - THINK OF MASS APPEAL! THINK OF **SALES!** LET ME TRY A FEW ON YOU FOR SIZE - "I LOVE YOU, O' CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ"!

WELL NOW, I DON'T THINK THAT'S QUITE -

"I LOST MY HEART AT THE TROPIC OF CANCER"

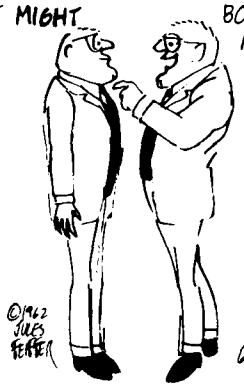
NOW YOU CAN'T BELIEVE PEOPLE WOULD ACTUALLY ACCEPT -

"FRANNY AND ZOOEY WERE SWEETHEARTS"



HEY - YOU **KNOW** - IT JUST **MIGHT** WORK -

AND WITH SO MANY BOOK STORES **ALREADY,** MOSTLY RECORD SHOPS THINK OF THE **TIE IN** SALES!



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6-24

I'VE GOT ONE - "CALORIES DON'T COUNT BUT **YOU** DO"

BRINGS TEARS TO MY EYES, GUS BABY, BRINGS TEARS.

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MOVIES

Kim and Kirk

Question: What is it that Kim Novak has two of? Answer: Comedies. Released almost simultaneously, her two new films tell a good deal about building vehicles for a star whose assets are pretty but pretty limited.

The first, *Boys' Night Out*, has a basic idea that must have put the producer and his staff in stitches. Four suburban males, three of them married, decide to

Boys' Night Out (MGM)
The Notorious Landlady (Columbia)
Lonely Are the Brave
(Universal-International)
The Cabinet of Caligari
(20th Century-Fox)

taste the sophisticated life. They rent an apartment in Manhattan equipped with, among other luxuries, our Kim; each of the men is assigned one night of the week to visit her. She accepts their offer because, unknown to them, she is a sociology student preparing a paper on *Adolescent Sex Fantasies in the Suburban Male*. She is, of course, a Good Girl; and her problem is how to do her professional work without losing her amateur status.

The second, *The Notorious Landlady*, gives us Kim as an American widow living in London who rents a room in her house to a newly arrived State Department aide. He learns from his chief that she is suspected of having murdered her husband and is warned to keep unentangled; Scotland Yard, which has found no *corpus delicti* and cannot press for an indictment, encourages him to snoop.

Comedy One is woeful, Two is generally breezy. The difference has nothing to do with Miss Novak. The leading man in One is James Garner, a vacuum and thus abhorred by nature. The hero of Two is Jack Lemmon, one of the best American screen actors – certainly the best comedian – whose brightness reflects on anyone nearby. The author of One is Ira Wallach, an example of that recurrent phenomenon in art – the man who goes right up the ladder from failure to failure. He has never written a good script for stage or screen; yet his reputation as a humorist keeps zooming. The authors of Two are Larry Gelbart and Blake Edwards, and the former is also co-author of Zero Mostel's current New York show. The director of One is Michael Gordon, a figurative magician in mittens; Two was directed by Richard Quine, knowledgeably and cleverly. Although the supporting cast of One is sparked by Tony Randall and Howard Morris, it is dampened by William Bendix and Oscar Homolka. Two is enfeebled by Fred Astaire, who never *could* act and who isn't any better just because he has stopped dancing; but it is strengthened by Lionel Jeffries, the excellent eccentric English actor (the loony prison guard in *Two Way Stretch*, Monsieur Brune in *Fanny*).

In both films Miss Novak is the same: a voice like an improperly closed gas jet, the poise of a novice doing her first strip-tease at a conclave of longshoremen, the artistic endowments of a Broadway backer's girl friend who has been given a two-line part as tit for tat – only here she has two starring roles. In Comedy Two her efforts arouse compassion, in One they do not. Environment is all. In both films, however, she justifies Herrick's remark:

> When I cast mine eyes and see
> That brave vibration, each way free,
> O, how that glittering taketh me!

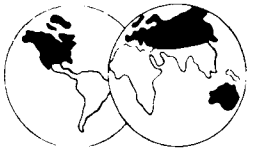
The laws of chance operate for Kirk Douglas as well as mortals. He seems to accept any role so long as it *a*) is big enough, *b*) is a man of contained violence with a heart of gold, *c*) allows the violence to erupt at least once. His latest film, ponderously entitled *Lonely Are the Brave*, is one of his luckier choices, an acceptable Western about a present-day cowboy, an anachronism in the age of automation.

It starts vividly. The cowboy has finished his breakfast out on the range, his horse hobbled nearby. He hears a distant roar, looks up, and sees jet vapor trails in the sky. The film continues with similar contrasts, sometimes pat, often theatrically effective. The plot concerns his efforts to help a pal who has been jailed for disinterested "wetback" smuggling. The last quarter is given over to a sardonic parody of the classic chase. Douglas rides for the hills, pursued by a posse equipped with jeeps and two-way radios and soon aided by a helicopter. The lone man downs the helicopter, confuses the Air Force and deputies, and secretly gladdens the sheriff who, doing his duty, is nonetheless sympathetic to this survivor of a disappearing breed.

The script, by Dalton Trumbo from Edward Abbey's *Brave Cowboy*, has nice touches of irreverence for brass hats, inhuman laws, and cautious conformism. The elements that Douglas always supplies are more effective here than usual because the screenplay is better written and more purposeful. Walter Matthau has vinegary appeal as the sheriff. The film's basic shortcoming is its lack of a desirable alternative to what it seemingly deplores. Many of us uncharmed by neon and motels do not long for old-time saloon binges and fist-fights as the lost Eden.

A note of warning rather than a review. There is a current film called *The Cabinet of Caligari*. It is not a re-make of the famous German film. Its plot connection with the earlier picture is tenuous. Its relation in quality is nonexistent.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN



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RECORDS

From the Piano Repertory

The first effective and satisfying recorded performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.453 – Friedrich Gulda's with an orchestra under Paul Angerer, on Vanguard VRS-1080 (mono) and VSD-2106 (stereo) – is an important event. The series of Mozart's piano concertos includes a number that are the most elaborately contrived of his instrumental works and the most fascinating to listen to; and the infrequently played K.453 is one of those in which the operation is incandescent. Its very first statement is an enchanting embodiment of the mingled Mozartian grace, poignancy and gaiety that continue to be heard in an opening movement which is a supreme example of Mozartian instrumental high comedy; the last movement ends with a coda that has the breathtaking rush, surprises and jokes of a Mozartian operatic-comedy finale; and in between is one of the most extraordinarily organized and affecting of Mozart's slow movements. The poignant opening statement of this movement recurs several times, each time ending inconclusively and each time followed by a train of thought that leads to the next recurrence; and it is only after these happenings that the last recurrence of the opening statement is completed with expressive implications of sublimity that are overwhelming. What is effective and satisfying in Gulda's playing is his clear outlining of phrase with delicacy and sensitiveness, yet never without strength. Regrettably the reverse side offers his fine playing not in another of the great Mozart concertos but in the uninteresting Beethoven Concerto No. 2. The orchestral playing is only fair; the stereo record produces less good piano sound than the mono, and orchestral sound whose harshness necessitate use of a 9-kc cut-off.

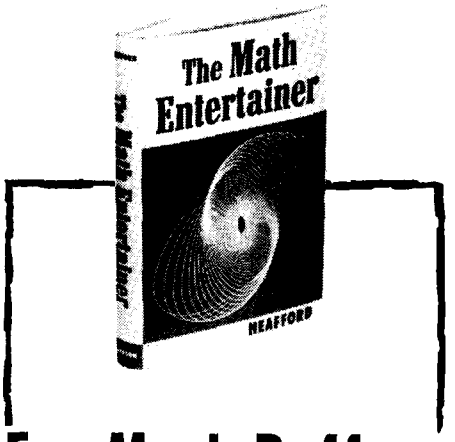
Deutsche Grammophon 18-783 and 138-783 offer another performance of the Concerto K.453 by Geza Anda with an orchestra of the Salzburg Mozarteum. A phrase which Anda begins strongly often ends as a nerveless simper; and at other times he plays the entire phrase – for example, the piano's first enunciation of the recurring statement in the slow movement – in that pallid style. This produces an equally ineffective and unsatisfying performance of the Concerto K.467, particularly of its slow movement, another of Mozart's most extraordinary utterances, in which Anda's fast tempo and pallid playing do not impart to the long flow of melody the tension and cumulative power it has in Schnabel's unique performance on Angel COLH-67. The stereo record produces occasional distortion of the piano's sound in K.453.

Two more of Richter's New York recitals in October, 1960, recorded at the time in Carnegie Hall, have been issued by Columbia: M2L-274 has the one of October 25, at which he played Haydn's pleasant Sonata No. 50, Schumann's Novelettes Op. 21 Nos. 1, 2 and 8, of which Nos. 1 and 8 are uninteresting, Debussy's sugary Suite Bergamasque, and his fine first set of *Images* and *L'lle Joyeuse;* ML-5725 has the October 28 performances of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 10 No. 3 and ten trashy Rochmaninov Preludes. Again I hear playing that is technically accomplished and much of the time musically distinguished, but occasionally open to question, and at best not justifying the extravagances of the press reviews quoted on the record envelopes. The playing of Haydn is sensitive and finished, but is made to sound pale and inadequate by the greater energy and more enlivening phrasing and rhythm in fast tempo, the greater cohesive tension in slow tempo, that make Glenn Gould's performance of a Haydn sonata on Columbia ML-5274 so remarkable. Also, the *presto* tempo Richter sets for the first movement of the Beethoven sonata is right for the tempestuous opening, but too fast for the proper articulation and expressive effect of later passages; the *largo* movement loses by being taken *andante*. And the second Novelette sounds rushed; but Debussy's *Hommage à Rameau* is played too slowly for a piece in the manner of a Sarabande, and is sentimentalized by the lingering over its phrases. The recorded sound is mostly good, but *L'lle Joyeuse* is dim and unclear; and in addition to the audience's noises one hears the rumbling of the subway trains.

Deutsche Grammophon 18-766 and 138-766 offer Richter's studio performances of Haydn's fine Sonata No. 44, Chopin's Ballade in A flat, three uninteresting Debussy Preludes, and Prokofiev's Sonata No. 8, of which I find only the toccata-like finale attractive. Most of the playing is first-rate; but the performance of the Ballade, with its erratic changes of tempo, is dwarfed by Cliburn's superb performance on Vic-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Kenneth S. Lynn, *a professor of English at Harvard, is the author of* The Dream of Success. Barbara Howes' *newest collection of poems is* From the Cold Country. Carolyn Lansdale *is a specialist in Soviet affairs.*



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tor LM-2576, with its unfailing coherence in the pacing and detailed shaping of the piece. The stereo record produces some distortion of the excellent sound in the Haydn.

And Angel 35679 and S-35679 have Richter's studio performances of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31 No. 2 and Schumann's Fantasy Op. 17. Except for the violence in the first movement of the sonata, and the sentimentalizing retardations and excessive final acceleration in the last movement of the Fantasy, the playing is again first-rate. The stereo record produces very bad distortion of the excellent sound.

The same Beethoven sonata and the charming companion Sonata Op. 31 No. 3 are played effectively – now with suitable expansiveness and power, now with suitable grace – by Clara Haskil on Epic-3831 and BC-1158.

On Columbia ML-5695 and MS-6295 young Ivan Davis, winner of the 1960 Franz Liszt competition, plays five Scarlatti sonatas – Longo Nos. 286, 23, 352, 238 and 119 – with more energy than he exhibits in his deft but bland performances of Haydn's Sonata No. 40 and Mozart's K.332.

And Columbia ML-5717 and MS-6317 have Schubert's Grand Duo Op. 140 for piano four hands played by Gold and Fizdale. Some have argued from its allegedly unidiomatic writing for the piano that this engaging work is an arrangement of an orchestral work, possibly the lost Gastein Symphony; and it is best known in the orchestral version that Joachim published under that title. To my ear the writing for piano is entirely idiomatic and permits no doubt of the work's being originally for piano four hands. Gold and Fizdale play superbly; but they sometimes push expressive inflection of phrase and crescendos of intensity further than the expressive content and the scale of this lyrical work warrant, and than the recording can reproduce without buzzes. B. H. HAGGIN

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Correspondence

Big Business in Space

Sirs:

I am a Democrat and have been a reader of your journal since childhood. I am also a physicist in semiconductor research at Bell Telephone Laboratories, and I'm appalled by the article, "Big Business in Space" by Senator Kefauver and Representative Ryan in your issue of June 11.

Setting aside such timeless questions as "Is AT&T too big?" and "Should we nationalize all communication, transportation, etc.?," their argument seems to be that the taxpayers have paid for satellite communications technology so the government ought to run it. And in this they are just plain wrong!

A satellite communications system consists of: a big ground transmitter at one place and a sensitive ground receiver at another place and a satellite containing a little receiver and transmitter "in view" of the two ground installations so that it can relay the signals. The *idea* of making a communications system this way was first proposed by J. R. Pierce at Bell Laboratories about six years ago.

What kinds of new technology does such a system require and where did it come from? Well, first one must get a satellite into orbit, and this has certainly been underwritten by the taxpayer's dollar – but it was developed for military purposes, and we've got this part of the knowhow whether we want it or not. The satellite itself is something else again. The little transmitter and receiver require power which must be obtained from sunlight, and that's possible because of solar cells invented at Bell Laboratories by three men – Fuller, Chapin and Pearson. The transmitter and receiver also required a lot of transistors, which don't use much power and are light and small, and everyone knows (or should know) that the transistor was born at Bell Laboratories. One other sophisticated gadget is required in the satellite and that is a traveling-wave-tube, and this was pioneered by Rudy Kompfner and the ubiquitous J. R. Pierce at Bell Laboratories. The ground transmitting station makes straightforward use of more conventional electronics that has grown through the years in the communications industry, but the receiving station has to be ultrasensitive because the satellite transmitter is small and far away. This is done with a great horn antenna (the first model of which was tested at Bell Laboratories' Holmdel facility three years ago). It also requires a traveling-wave maser, developed you-know-where. And, it should be pointed out that none of these Bell Laboratories' contributions were done on government contract funds.

In their article, Kefauver and Ryan also intimate that AT&T is guilty of foisting an inferior low-level satellite system on the public when a high-level system would be much better. In Pierce's original memo, *both* systems were discussed. The high-level system is appealing because it requires fewer (but bigger and more powerful) satel-

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

July 23 *August 6*
August 20 *September 3*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 10

lites. However, it has a nasty drawback for two-way telephone conversation. The satellite is so far away that it takes a quarter of a second for the signal to travel from the ground to the satellite and back again. A few of the telephones around Bell Laboratories were artificially equipped to provide this time delay a couple of years ago, and it turned out to be a mighty unsatisfactory kind of telephone service.

When Senator Kefauver was hot on the trail of the rascals in the pharmaceutical industry a couple of years ago, I was cheering him on – but maybe that's because I didn't really know anything about the drug business.

A. R. Hutson
Summit, N.J.

Conflagration

Sirs:

Congratulations for Mary McCarthy's "A Bolt from the Blue" (June 4) – the best and funniest job of literary exegesis I have ever read.

Miss McCarthy never contributed to the efforts in close reading that flourished in the literary quarterlies a decade ago, yet here is a late blooming of that forgotten art, fully justified by its subject for perhaps the first and last time. May I suggest a source for Nabokov's title to complement the Helena Rubinstein cosmetic and the Shelley? It is from the ghost's speech in Act I to Hamlet:

> The glowworm shows the matin to be near
> And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Jud Higgins
New York, N. Y.

Mary McCarthy in her enlightening review of Nabokov's *Pale Fire* writes that she was unable to find the source of "pale fire." Perhaps Will's help came from these lines in Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens:*

> The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
> Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
> And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
>
> (Act IV, Scene 3, line 439)

Clarice N. Ostertag
Arlington, Va.

Mary McCarthy's piece is staggering – the sort of analysis one expects years after publication. I went right out and bought the book. So far, fine.

Stanley Kauffmann
New York, N.Y.

Her article is likely to set off the greatest conflagration since the Joycean fireworks began burning bright in the forest of the night. (For forests of the night read groves of academe.)

L. Conner
New York, N. Y.

I have long admired Mary McCarthy's deft unpackings of literary treasure chests; but I fear that in her extensive unpacking of Nabokov's *Pale Fire* . . . she has unpacked old Wordsworth once too often.

"I think . . . of Wordsworth," she writes, "one of the patron saints of the grotesquely named Wordsmith College: 'Life like a dome of many-colored glass/Stains the *pale* radiance of eternity'."

In fact, it was Shelley, in "Adonais," who thus sought to express his Platonism; and it was "white," not "pale" radiance that the glass stained.

Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.
Greensboro, N. C.

What Is a Teacher Worth?

Sirs:

Your editorial "What Is a Teacher Worth?" (May 14) is tremendous. Now if we career-teachers could just sell the idea to Congress, and the NEA, it would make teaching a respectable male career.

George Gould
Dept. of Biological Science
City College of San Francisco

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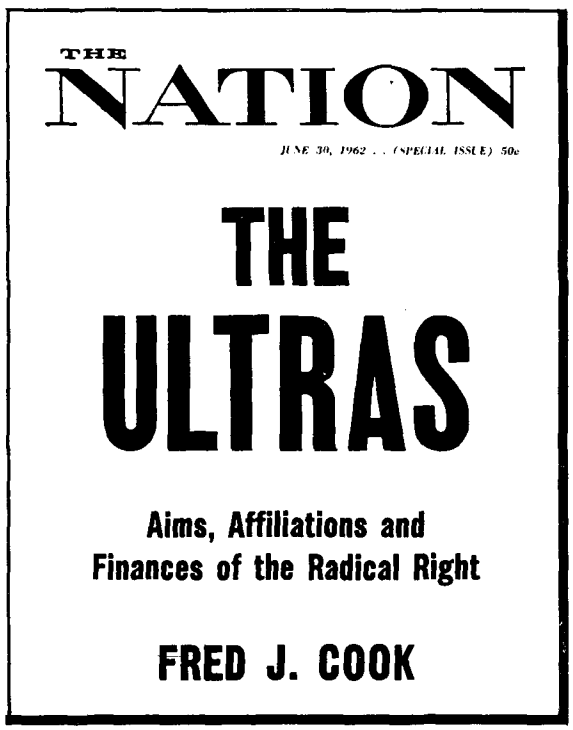

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